THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1856.

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GETTING BREAKFAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANCES DANA GAGE.

With the dawn the mother rises
From a restless morning nap,
To give the house-maid her advices,
With her baby on her lap.

Come, hurry, Betty, build the fire,
Run gather something small and dry,
Lay on the back-logs—pile them higher.
(Hush, baby darling, don't-a cry.)

There, Betty, now hang on the kettle,
While it is boiling, milk the cow,
And feed the good old brute a little,
It's time she had her breakfast now.

Why, children, are you up so soon?
I thought you'd sleep an hour yet,
I would not care you'd laid till noon,
You keep up such a constant fret.

Here, sis, sit down and take your brother,
There, hold him fast now on your knee,
Don't let him fall, he little mother—
He's such a darling chick-a-dee.

Where is that girl; dear me! I never—
I could milk four cows to her one;
It seems to take some folks forever
To do a thing, and then 'in half done.

Frank, help draw Will; Will, quit your crying;
Here Dan's a cup of milk for you,
What ails the child? sure you're not dying,
That you need make so much ado.

Now, Betty, put the coffee boiling—
But first put in that Johnny-cake,
Then cut some steaks and fix for broiling,
I've got the taters in to bake.

Poor baby! did 'ey let it fall,
And almost break it life headyl
It may just by and scream and bawl,
While mamma's getting breakast eddy.

There, Betty, now that cake is burning,
That lid, *I told you*, was too hot,
It's time the beef-steaks had a turning,
See if there's water in that pot.

Here, take this child; let me be doing,
For you can nurse as fast as I,
And I can keep all these a brewing
In half your time, (and not half try.)

Children, don't, pray! make such a racket,
You're quite enough to drive one wild;
Don't play so hard; put on your jacket;
Why, Betty! can't you still that child?

Ah, there it goes! you little monkey,
You've spilt your milk now, making bubbles,
But never mind; now don't be spunky—
Job's boils were flashbites to my troubles!

Lay down the child, the steak is done;
Sis, fix the cradle, that's a lady:
Take up the things—and, Frisky, run
And tell your pa his breakfast's ready

Ah! fretted mother, don't despair,
For you your mother once grew weary;
'Twill lighten every toil and care,
To keep your spirit calm and cheery.

These restless cares ere long will be
Thy stay and strength, thy grace and beauty,
A joy, a blessing unto thee—
If thou in love hast done thy duty.

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

The next day was the Sabbath. Oh, the beauty of a Sabbath in the country! The serene, peaceful Sabbath, the time of rest, God-given to man for purification and prayer! In the city the day never seems so truly good, so intensely holy, as in the country. The sweet sound of distant village bells, the sight of cattle, released from labor, browsing in contented herds in green fields, the very chirp of the countless insects, and the innocent songs of the myriads of birds, all breathe a Sabbath morality which, in great cities, is lost entirely. The noise of active life ceases, all that meets the ear is the lingering echo of those calm church bells, floating on the unadulterated, healthful air to the distant farm-houses. "God made the country, man the town;" it is not unnatural to suppose that a greater blessing rests with the divine work than with that of mere Art, however glorious.

Rachel had been detained from going to church each week of her residence at St. Mary's by violent storms; but the morning after Zillah O'Brian was entered as a pupil at the Lodge, she was glad to find, from the slanting rays that fell through her window and blinded her eyes as she awoke, that a fine day was to be expected. The church was one mile distant, and this the whole school was accustomed to walk when the weather permitted. Mrs. Griscomb could not leave her son, and consequently the responsibility of the proprieties of the occasion devolved on the governess, who was equally annoyed and amused to find herself setting out to church at the head of a long procession of school-girls, particularly as each of them seemed bent on taking advantage of her inexperience as a duenna. One awkward girl was constantly treading on her predecessor's heels, to the no small detriment of the fruitless *chaussure* provided for the occasion. Others made a point of shaking their handkerchiefs at every lad of their acquaintance who happened to pass. To remedy matters, Rachel took the greatest offender in this way, a girl named Lily Barton, under her personal charge, and made her walk at her side, at the head of the school. For a time all went well, but presently two gentlemen who knew the mirthful Lily, bowed as they passed the fair culprit, who, of course, returned the salute. They had almost reached the church door, when a suppressed giggle from two or three of the girls caused Rachel to turn to discover the cause of the commotion. Alas! despite her vigilance, there was Lily's handkerchief flying over the shoulder farthest removed from herself, although the girl was at the same time demurely conversing with her teacher on the serenity of the day. A little behind walked the two identical gentlemen, each displaying an answering signal. Rachel tried to look grave as she bestowed the deserved rebuke, but met with only partial success.

It was a small, fantastically designed building, of an antique style of architecture, which would have puzzled the wisest to determine. Yet it was striking, artistic, and displayed decided and refreshing originality. Ivy and other vines crept in thick masses over the roughly-hewn stone walls, and darkened, with their close embrace, the low, arched windows. Internally, everything was plain and simple, as all houses of true worship are, yet there was not wanting a certain air of quiet elegance. The pulpit was strongly indicative of classical simplicity in its form and few adornments; opposite it, at the other extremity of the church, was a small veiled gallery, containing an organ, and accommodations for a choir of singers.

They were early. Rachel seated her pupils as quietly as possible, and settled herself mentally and externally to listen, for the first time, to a sermon from the Reverend Mr. Godwin. Having nothing to occupy her thoughts, naturally her attention was attracted to the entrance, one by one, of the villagers. Among them she saw a face that haunted her for years. It was that of a man, in the prime of his life, handsome, well-bred, and intelligent, but so sad, so full of evident stagnation and despairing discontent, that she turned away in horror that anything made by God should dare to carry a countenance like that.

The services began with slow, sonorous notes of prelude from the mellow-toned organ.—Throughout the aisles of the little antique church, up to the very rafters, floated the rare sobbing music, penetrating all hearts sensitive either to good or evil, with that delicate sorrow which Longfellow affirms

—"Is not akin to pain."

It faded as the burden changed from sadness to jubilant hope, and ended in sudden *staccato* chords of triumphant joy.

All eyes were then turned towards the pulpit, and all heads immediately bowed, as Mr. Godwin arose and uttered a brief and impressive prayer. Every word that he spoke came to Rachel with a most precious balm. His sermon, afterwards, did not touch her like that honest supplication for Divine Mercy. Undefiled by the arts of rhetoric, it passed from his lips up to heaven as the sincerest language in which man could address and adore his Creator. By contrast, the cold brilliancy of the sermon lost all effect.

There was no lack of eloquence or ministerial learning in this exhortation; and although, as they left the church, Rachel heard many speak of it with lively pleasure, she was sure that Mr. Godwin himself was dissatisfied with it. It was like thin, fitful sunlight veiling a lowering December sky. She perceived that there was that beneath all this glitter of words, which few present understood. Was it private grief? was it some hidden agony warring against unnatural restraint? She recognized the evidences of insincerity, but whether temporary or habitual, she could not divine.

When he ceased, she felt merely the silence; there was none of that strange sensation at the cessation of impassioned, nobly earnest delivery, which she often afterwards experienced.

"Certainly," thought she, as she prepared to marshal her forces, "that man is either very heartless or very miserable."

The congregation was pouring itself silently out, when, in the usual organ voluntary, came an abrupt but slight pause, followed by deep stillness. Immediately a human voice, a full and rare man's voice, commenced chanting that celebrated solo from Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy's "Messiah," "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." Perfectly in time and tune, but with no farther accompaniment than the few opening chords, that voice issued from the choir, bearing to world-weary listeners consolation and peace. It was not the noble words, nor yet the nobler music; it was the *expression*, gathered from the two by that fine voice, and united in one glorious whole, till the very atmosphere seemed to thrill with its melodious wealth. On the last note of the solo, as it faded magnificently into silence, the organist re-commenced, proving by the perfect unity of the two sounds, the successful intonation of this unknown vocalist. Many curious eyes were directed towards the closely-veiled gallery, but the dark blue curtains were tightly drawn, and the unseen singer remained a mystery. Some casual movement, however, momentarily displaced a portion of the floating screen, and revealed to Rachel a glimpse of the dark, handsome face she had seen entering the church at the beginning of the services; and it was no less dark, handsome or dissatisfied than when she beheld it then. "Could it be," she asked herself, "that that soulful singing, and that morose, unhappy countenance belonged to one and the same man?"

They were compelled on account of their numbers to wait until the church was nearly empty before attempting egress, and meanwhile Rachel was joined by Mr. Godwin, hat in hand.

"How did you like it?" he said abruptly, and eyeing her keenly.

"Never in my life have I heard anything like that prayer," was her evasive answer. She possessed in an eminent degree that rare quality in very young women of exquisite tact.

"But the sermon, my sermon?" he questioned, half impatiently. "I ask your opinion, because at this moment I desire it above all things else. Pray do not consider it worthwhile to prevaricate to save my feelings."

She looked at him much surprised, the warm blood mantling to her cheek, and her black eyes undecided whether to take fire or not. The effort to keep a guard upon herself was beautifully perceptible.

"I am then to tell you—that is—you ask for the truth as I conceive it," she stammered, coloring still deeper at Mr. Godwin's open scrutiny.

"Yes."

"Well, then, I did not like it at all!" and her displeasure seemed to be somewhat relieved in these words briskly spoken.

"Why?" he calmly asked, betraying no token of wounded pride.

"It did not touch me," she answered readily. "It was like snow in the sunshine, blinding the eyes with glitter, but very cold and unsubstantial in its actual self."

"Frankly spoken. I honor you for saying this," with an amused smile; "and now will you tell me (if you can) why it was cold and unsubstantial?"

She saw he was not making a bitter jest of her; his broad brow was unruffled.

"I think it was because it was insincere,—you did not *feel* what you said."

"Bravo! therefore what I said was unworthy of myself—that follows, does it not,—that is the moral of the story?"

"Yes, sir."

"'Yes, sir,'" he repeated, going off into a reverie. "Well," after a pause, "you are a strange girl, Rachel, but I think I understand you. I thank you for your courage, for few women would have dared to speak as you have. Praise be to my lucky stars that all my hearers have not the discrimination, the nice sense of right and wrong, and the unerring power of acute criticism with which you seem to be endowed. Assuredly the next time I shall preach for your especial benefit. Wield your weapons of analysis as you will, you shall find me armored. I am on my guard against you—remember that. How did the music please? That certainly was worthy of approbation?"

Rachel expressed the pleasure it had given her, and inquired who was the musician.

"I do not know," Mr. Godwin answered. "It was a great surprise. Some stranger I was told, who is passing the day in the place." He turned away, his attention being called by one or two parishioners, who wished to speak to him, but joined Rachel for a moment again as on the way to his own dwelling he found her waiting for admittance to the Lodge, the forty pupils gathered in groups around the entrance.

"How is Zillah?" he asked. "I did not see her at church with the others."

"She complained of headache to-day,—her health does not seem to be strong."

"Ah, that is nothing. Delicacy with her is constitutional. By-and-bye you will see her 'flourishing like a pomegranate,' as poor Byron used to say of his Allegra."

"Who died early,—did she not?"

"Yes," he replied with sudden gloom.

Rachel fastened her eyes glitteringly upon him, and almost unconsciously repeated those four lines from Hood's "Bridge of Sighs."

"Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?"

Possibly the allusion to Byron's Allegra may have conveyed the idea to her mind, but scarcely were the words uttered than she repented them. They had been so innocently spoken that she felt she was never less accountable for any deed she had perpetrated in her life. Mr. Godwin colored, and said, as he retreated from the door,

"Before half an hour has passed your good sense will have shown you the impropriety of making to me that quotation. Were I not assured of this I could almost resent it. Good-morning."

His prophecy was a true one. Never had Rachel regretted anything so deeply as those few suggestive words.

Ah, good, beautiful proverb of thinking twice before speaking once, was ever advice as wise as thine!

CHAPTER VII.

Do what she would, Rachel could not bring herself to mention to any one Zillah's trance powers. She felt it almost a duty she owed the child herself; she was unwilling to expose her needlessly to the notoriety that must inevitably follow the disclosure.

She was sitting in her room one day in solitude whose rarity made it precious, when from the doorway a low, musical laugh, like a cloud of silver, filled the quiet apartment. Zillah stood there, thus heralded, holding up between thumb and finger two letters. She had been an inmate of St. Mary's Lodge but a few weeks, yet already her simple goodness of heart, her guileless beauty, had made her a household favorite.

"For you," she said—dancing lightly around Rachel at just enough distance to keep the letters from her reach, but at last, smilingly, laying them in her friend's lap. Eagerly opening the one with the hand-writing of which she joyfully felt herself familiar, Rachel read these strange and abrupt sentences:

"*Wednesday, June 20th*, 18—.

"You flee from me, and for what? I have waited in vain for some explanation. Do you refuse to be my wife,—to fulfill your destiny? Yes! you fear my love;—you desire to elude it and your promise! Be it so!

"FREELAND OGILVIE."

Again and again she glanced over these few words. They comprehended much,—more than in her sudden bewilderment she could realize. What was it,—what could it mean? she asked herself in a dismay of doubt, fear, and wounded feeling. Mist was over her eyes; she could not understand the motive of this cruel, bitter note; and certainly she felt that it was undeserved. Half unconsciously she longed for a clairvoyant vision, that she might annihilate time and space, and look into the heart of this man for explanation.

Almost immediately a numb, listless sensation came creeping over her faculties, until they seemed near suspension; but soon this changed, and her senses, particularly that of sight, widened and strengthened into painful acuteness. A conviction of the possession of power beyond that which usually descends to the lot of humanity pervaded her being. Oblivious of near external objects, she appeared to be wandering afar off to a sphere where happiness and truth were eternal. Then slowly with the indistinctness of an atmospherical illusion, dawned before her the large, calm face of Freeland Ogilvie. A cloudy veil alone trembled between them. Haggard and very pale, she saw him sitting by a table, his hands resting palms-downward upon it, his head bowed on his breast, and his eyes bent anxiously towards his hands. Involuntarily she stretched out her arms, and with a cry, beckoned him to come to her, it was all so *real*, so vividly life-like. The vision faded and disappeared, and from her dream or delusion, or whatever it may be called, Rachel awoke with a start, her nerves trembling so convulsively that for a while she was deprived of power to alter her position, which was cramped and painful. Her fingers were clutched tightly together, and in their grasp lay the two letters, crumpled and torn. Mechanically she broke the seal of the second, but without examining it or caring for a revelation of its contents. Her eyes were fixed dreamily on vacuity, but to her amazement every line, every curve of the pen in that unfolded letter was visible. Without looking upon it, she read it as plainly as she afterward read it by natural sight. At this she lost courage. She touched her arm to see if it were real; she went to the little mirror and scrutinized her face closely; half expecting to find some other than her own. This sudden development of clairvoyant vision was, to say the least, appalling. She fled from the room, and wandered out in the open air, hoping by this means to disperse the extraordinary influence that was operating upon her. The day was fine, and a stiff breeze was blowing, that was most welcome to her fevered brain; for hours she walked she scarcely knew whither, luxuriating in the cool, elastic atmosphere. Through lanes and unknown roads, over the fields of the large, well cultivated farms which characterize the neighborhood of Lyster, she rambled in perfect ignorance of her route, for she was still in a state of excitement. At last she sat down under the deep shadow of a wide-spreading oak. A living spring bubbled among the long grass at her side, and she stooped and bathed her head and hands, watching the clear, sparkling water trickling off among the rocks. In searching her pocket for her handkerchief to wipe away the redundant moisture from her face, she brought forth the letter which she had forgotten was there. It fell from the fluttering handkerchief to her feet, and as it lay there she looked down upon it with absolute loathing, even experiencing a causeless hatred against its writer. She had found her wondrous gift of vision so terrible that she felt it would give her unbounded pleasure defiantly to scatter that simple sheet of writing in fragments to the winds, in revenge for the innocent part it had played in the day's drama. But she could not. Something, half impulse, half fear, impelled her irresistibly to unfold it. Palpable and distinct, if proof were wanting she had it, word for word, that letter was the same as that she had already had revealed to her; not a dash of the pen was missing.

And now for the first time the purpose of the writer in sending and inditing it dawned upon her. Then she was too frantic, but now she was more subdued, and could read in calmness. For the moment she forgot everything, even her recent fear, in the great surprise which that letter conveyed. Thus it was:

"*Thursday, June 21st.*

"My Dear Miss Olio:—I have scarcely known you six weeks, and possibly you may deem this letter an insolent presumption on so short an acquaintance. It is not meant as such, but as a simple and honest appeal, shall I say to your heart?—no, that is altogether too lover-like an expression for so staid an individual as the undersigned—an appeal to your understanding.

"During your brief stay at St. Mary's Lodge, I have been impelled to watch you narrowly, in fact to criticise with the cool eye of a close observer your slightest action. I acknowledge candidly that I felt drawn towards you in the beginning, and for that reason have been striving to discover of what materials such women as you were made. I am satisfied on this point. Frankly let me assure you, however, before I progress farther in this letter, that I do not offer a first love, if indeed the high esteem I entertain for you can at all be dignified by the title, nor do I venture to hope that such an emotion exists for me on your part. I am far older than you, and have lived long enough to know what is called love for a sham and a cheat. I neither ask nor expect yours; if you think that you can honor me with your friendship and calm approbation, it is all I shall hope. A marriage founded on these, is, in my opinion, far more likely to conduce to the happiness of the parties concerned, than one where passion misleads the judgment, and blinds the eyes to the vitalest of errors. God, by my nature, placed trifling out of my power; I am sincere in all I have here written. Likewise are you a pure, straightforward, honorable woman. Return a woman's true and noble answer, worthy both of yourself and me, be it either in the negative or the affirmative. Take time to think—do nothing hastily that you may afterwards regret. I ask you to be my wife. No man will care for you more tenderly, more faithfully than I.

"Miss Olio—Rachel, I cannot avoid telling you how grand a creature I think you, although I believe you have more faults and fewer virtues than any woman living; those virtues seeming to me almost faults, and those faults almost virtues.

"Have no fear of wounding me by a refusal. Be courageous enough to say, 'no' if you *mean* 'no,' and above all, remember I do not ask you to marry me through pity.

"Yours to command,

"RICHARD FAYETTE GODWIN."

Had not this letter been so entirely characteristic of Mr. Godwin, Rachel would have doubted its authenticity, for she was not able to recall a word, look, or gesture of his that could have given her at the time, the slightest suspicion. Nothing had ever caused her to think that his interest in her was more than that resulting from the natural, every-day association of commonplace men and women. However, it became less astonishing when she remembered he did not profess himself in this letter as anything more than a calm friend desirous of a nearer connection, so calm that Rachel's indignation was warmly excited at the idea of entering marriage with no higher foundation for happiness.

Besides though he was often irritable and capricious in his manner towards Mrs. Griscomb, she had reason to suppose that Mr. Godwin was in his own eccentric way attached to her. Perhaps she was whom he alluded to in saying he had known love for a sham and a cheat. She remembered many things that served to strengthen the suspicion into certainty. Why had he called her to return the day of William Griscomb's illness, and told her to "be tender with the poor mother?" Why did he always openly defer to Mrs. Griscomb's opinion, and last but not least, why did he spend so many of his evenings with her in her son's sick chamber? Was his presence necessary there? It was all clear to her; and she worked herself into no very amiable mood at the idea of being made a *dernier resort*; at being considered a harmless sort of a being through whom he might avenge himself on others.

She folded up the letter, replaced it in her pocket, and turned homeward. Soon, amid its shelter of majestic maples, she saw the walls of old St. Mary's. The setting sun cast a red splendor on its shining windows that in the distance looked like shooting flames. The air was very silent. Neither bird nor cricket piped that sweet sun to rest. She was weary, weary in body and soul; and with no unwilling hand she opened the back garden gate, and passed in to the peace and shelter those four walls had to bestow. The lilac hedge had ceased to blow, and roses now filled the air with soft luxurious perfume. On the observatory stairs, she sat down again to rest, thoughtful of the day's events. Presently some one passed on the path. Turning, she saw Mr. Godwin. He bowed, uncovered his head, and went by, without hesitation or speech. After listening till the quick, nervous echo of his steps subsided, she returned to the house.

At the door, looking doubly beautiful in the evening dusk, stood Zillah O'Brian, smiling her own sunny smile, and holding in her long, consumption-prophesying fingers a small nosegay of straggling wild flowers. Her bonnet was hanging by its strings on the back of her neck; her face flushed with the exercise of her ramble was crowned by a rude wreath of half-opened briar roses.

"I waited for you to come in," she said, pressing the hardy blossoms into Rachel's hand; and laughing, as she sometimes did without apparent cause, she bounded away. As Rachel looked after her childish figure, a new thought struck her.

Her mother—Zillah's mother?

She had forgotten *that!* She was pretty—she recollected her well; might she not—ah, Richard Fayette Godwin, in that young girl's wonder at the contents of the second letter, she had ceased for the time to think of the first!

That very evening Rachel impetuously dashed off the following note, and placed it in her pocket to await the first opportunity of delivery. She expected to see Mr. Godwin at prayers, and she did not care to keep either him or herself longer in suspense:

"Mr. Godwin—

"Dear Sir: I am thankful I am able to assure you that when I marry, it will be for a far better reason than that I 'calmly approve,' of my life long companion.

"Truly yours,

"RACHEL OLIO."

This note was quite as characteristic of Rachel Olio, and her ardent but well disciplined temperament, as Mr. Godwin's eccentric epistle was of himself. In her deep annoyance, Rachel did not regard the brusque coolness of her words, and was rather anxious than otherwise that their full effect should not be lost.

The evening arrived. While her pupils were busy with their studies, she laid her note carefully on the table that was generally appropriated to Mr. Godwin, sufficiently exposing it to sight to attract his notice, and yet not enough to excite the curiosity of those for whose observation it was not intended. He came earlier than usual that night, and from her station at the other end of the room, Rachel watched him, under cover of a newspaper, as he took his accustomed place. Mr. Godwin espied the white envelope in an instant—the change in his face told that, but to Rachel's disturbed surprise he did not touch it, even to examine it externally.

"Much he cares," she thought indignantly; "I am glad I made it iconically cool—he deserves it—every word of it!"

It was not Mr. Godwin's habit to attract observation either to himself or Miss Olio, by making opportunities for engaging in private conversation; but on this occasion, much to the surprise of the pupils, as soon as prayers were over, he deliberately approached her seat, waiting a moment before he spoke for the few girls who were lingering curiously around the door to disperse to their rooms.

Rachel had hardly expected this, and in her heart was a little afraid of the interview. Mr. Godwin, on his part, did not seem to be in the least disturbed; Rachel actually found herself resenting his self-possession.

"Is this yours?" he asked, holding up the note with the seal unbroken. "I have not read it," he continued, as she uttered an affirmative, "for the reason that I believe you have written it prematurely. Had I the least doubt of its contents, I might have done so."

Oh, how irritating was the calmness of his steel grey eyes. Even with her strongest effort at control, she scarcely succeeded. A half smile, too, mocked her from his lips.

"I am by no means anxious to receive a reply so soon; three days from now I will take it thankfully. You have given yourself no time for consideration. I am sorry for this. Will you not allow me to wait awhile?"

"Certainly," she answered, with returning promptness. "As long as you please." Immediately he proffered back the note.

"No, no, keep it," she cried hastily, and drawing away, "I shall never write you another."

"What, did you not say—" he hesitated, and seemed to be probing her character, as he had done on her first night at the school. Rachel colored and said,

"Keep it, and read it when *you* please. It does not signify to me; as for any other, I beg to be excused."

She was sorry for this just as soon as it was perpetrated, nothing loath now to see a smile quivering at the corners of his mouth. He tried to restrain it, but unsuccessfully. Evidently he did not wish to appear amused, and allowed it to pass off in a series of slight coughs.

"Then you give me permission to do with this note as I please?" he said, when the attack subsided sufficiently to allow utterance.

"Yes, it is yours, irrevocably."

"Behold its fate then, oh, ye gods!"

He held the envelope in the flame of a lamp; in an instant it was in a light blaze; he threw it carelessly in the grate, where it burned to ashes, each of them silently regarding it. Mr. Godwin was the first to speak.

"You are not vexed?"

"Oh, no, not at all," which was by no means the truth.

"You will acknowledge perhaps the necessity for writing again?"

"You have tried to *make* it a necessity, Mr. Godwin; but I do not see it. However, to-morrow you will find lying on your table, the exact counterpart of that note, word for word. I do not perceive what you gain."

It was now Rachel's turn to appear amused. Mr. Godwin looked rather discomposed.

"Nothing, in that case, but you will not do it, I am certain; I assure you," he continued, gaily, "I shall be obliged to destroy every communication that reaches me from you, until my presentiments inform me it is favorable to my cause."

"Under these circumstances, I shall order fresh supplies of stationery, because the conflagration will be endless. Good-night." She took a lamp hastily, and turned towards the door.

"Good-night," he responded, "but stay; when did you receive my letter? I posted it but this morning."

"Zillah brought it to me late in the afternoon."

"Zillah! how strange, how very strange that she should have been destined to give you *that* letter?"

He sat down, his color coming and going, and pressed one hand on his breast involuntarily.

"Are you ill, can I do any thing for you?"

He did not answer, but Rachel brought him a glass of water! Mr. Godwin rose up at once, telling her that it was "nothing," and immediately went away.

But he had not blinded her as he had thought. Yet, with a heavy sigh, as she sought her room, Rachel felt that all this mystery was naught to her. Her own misery shut out all things else. How strange it is that at those times when generous sympathy is most expected of us for the trials of others, we are least able to bestow it; so true is it that perfect sorrow and perfect happiness veil us in impenetrable selfishness.

That night Rachel Olio slept with a letter under her pillow, but it was not written by Richard Fayette Godwin. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHOIR.

Here was the spell o'er hearts,
Which only genius gives,
The mistress of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty lives.
—*Changed from Campbell.*

It was near the middle of August when Mrs. Malmaison, with her son Austin and her servants, came up to the country seat at Mount Storm. Doctor Throgmorton, who was at once her tenant and her agent, received the lady with great distinction. And Mrs. Throgmorton, with assiduous attention, conducted her to the reserved suit of apartments that had been prepared for her use. Mrs. Malmaison's especial business in the neighborhood, was to give her personal attention to some details in the construction of her new house across the valley at the Sunset Hills; while at the same time she hoped to derive benefit from the salubrious air of the mountains. Early every morning she rode, attended by Doctor Throgmorton and Austin, over to the site of the new mansion, and passed a few hours in consultation with her architect. She returned before noon, and spent the middle of the day in receiving calls from the neighboring gentry, who came to welcome the lady's brief return to her home. She passed the evening in entertaining visitors at Mount Storm, or in going into company elsewhere.

The doctor, Mrs. Throgmorton, and her daughter, Rose Garland, were in their fullest flower of gaiety and good looks.

But all this time the poor orphan, Theodora, for the reason that she had no good clothes in which to make her appearance before the great lady, was bidden to keep herself out of sight; and so she confined herself to her garret, only coming down the back stairs, and slipping out of the back door to get a little fresh air, and appearing only at the second table.

When the Sabbath came Mrs. Malmaison inquired whether Divine service would be offered at the Catholic Chapel at Eyrie, or at the Convent; as Father Bernard, the parish priest, officiated on alternate Sundays at these two extreme points of his extensive charge.

Doctor Throgmorton replied that on this Sunday, being the feast of the Assumption, mass would be offered at the Convent Chapel. Thither, therefore, the lady went, accompanied by Mrs. Throgmorton and Rose Garland.

The Chapel was an elegant little gothic structure, on the right-hand side of the Convent gate. Within it was beautifully finished and fitted up, and adorned with several choice statues and fine oil-paintings over the three altars and between the tall, pointed windows of stained glass, through which the morning sun streamed, flooding the scene with a rich, rainbow glory. At the right-hand side of the church, behind an elaborately ornamented lattice was the cloister, in which the Sisters of the Convent worshipped. Opposite the altar, over the front entrance of the Chapel, was the gallery, appropriated to the choir, and in which stood one of the finest-toned organs in the country. The church was filled by

a rustic congregation from the immediate neighborhood.

It certainly was not religion, nor its perversion, superstition; nor even force of habit, that brought Ada Malmaison to church, but the mixed motives of worldliness, ennui and refined sensuality. Sundays in the country were dull, it looked well to go to church, where, besides, there was sure to be nothing said or done to trouble her conscience, but everything to please her senses. By the holy works of Art, the dumb eloquence of the sacred paintings and statuary, the heavenly music and the imposing ceremonies, *others* might feel their souls roused and raised to worship, she only felt her senses wrapt in a sort of delicious elysium. The antique style of beauty in the chapel, the elaborate carvings, the fine old pictures and statues, the highly ornate altars, the rich vestments of the priests and sacristans, and the deep-toned, mellowed light thrown by the stained glass windows, pleased her eyes; while the fine music in all its variations, in the singing of the choir, the pealing of the organ, and the chanting and intoning of the priests and sacristans delighted her ear; and the rich aroma of the incense penetrated her brain with an influence that enveloped her senses in a sweet delirium. But the music had the greatest charm for her. *Nero* loved music passionately. Ada Malmaison loved it madly. Yet to her it was altogether a sensual gratification. She had an exquisite *ear*, but no soul for music. Music delighted her sense of hearing, but woke no high, holy or loving aspiration in her soul, it had no redeeming influence upon her—nay, it might have had an opposite influence; she would, if she thought it necessary, procure the gratification of this hunger, by any low, unjust or cruel means. If any one doubts the truth of this assertion that the appetite—(for passion or taste it does not merit in *this* instance to be called)—for music may exist together with intense selfishness and sensuality, let him call to mind some of the foreign professional singers whom he may have seen, and whose faces were stamped certificates of the fact I have named. However, with all her selfishness, worldliness and refined sensuality, Ada Malmaison was very crafty and secretive; passions and emotions she had not, and the character of her inner life never revealed itself upon her snow-white, delicately chiseled face. She sat in the church, not worshipping, but wrapped in this sensuous elysium until one voice awoke her from it.

Such a voice!

They were singing the Gloria-in-Excelsis, with the accompaniment of the organ and of the whole chorus. This was a girl's voice, an angel's voice rather—a clear, pure, ringing soprano. Suddenly, out of the storm of music by the whole chorus, it arose and soared, sweet, clear, pure, elastic, joyous as some angel in the free ether winging her rapturous way to Heaven!

"Gloria-in-Excelsis!" the voice seemed to hover and float in the sunny mid-air awhile, then in a sudden, joyous flight to soar upwards in an ecstasy of loving adoration! No words can describe its delightful, inspiring power. Ada Malmaison was enchanted. Never had she, an amateur in music, heard a voice so charming. She became as it were "all ear," and in the variations of the music, listened with a sense *athirst* for that delicious strain. When the services were over, she arose with a sigh, she could not bear to think that she should hear that heavenly chorister no more.

"Who was that sang solo in the Gloria?" she inquired of Rose Garland, as they were coming out of the church.

"That was Genevieve Laglorieuse, or Vivia, as we call her."

"Oh!" that was all the fair lady said at the time. But when she was seated in the carriage she asked, "Do they have Vespers in the Chapel?"

"Always."

"And does that young lady sing?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then I shall go to Vespers this afternoon. Bid Pharaoh to drive fast, doctor, or we shall not have time to dine and rest, and get here again for Vespers." That afternoon the lady was even more delighted than she had been in the morning.

And the next day at an early hour she ordered her carriage. Telling Doctor Throgmorton that she should not visit her new mansion-house that day, she entered the carriage and drove to the Convent.

That morning the Abbess sat alone in her parlor; her chair was drawn up to the centre table, where lay paper, pens and ink; she had been writing, but just at this moment had sunk back in her seat with her head bowed upon her left hand, while her right, holding the pen, hung listlessly over the arm of her chair. Her attitude and expression were full of utter despondency. Her face, in its deep shadow, could not be distinctly seen, but a glimpse of the pale cheek, and the long, thin hand that supported her head, gleamed in ghastly contrast to the blackness of her robes and veil. The door opened gently, and a sweet, glad voice asked permission to come in. In an instant the face and the attitude of the woman changed. Her head was raised, her eyes lighted up with a sudden glow of unutterable love, and her arms were extended, as she said, in a voice whose every note vibrated with its deep, passionate tenderness,

"Yes, always, my own beautiful darling! Come to my arms my Genevieve!"

With the swift, smooth dart of a bird, Vivia flew to the embrace of her mother, and nestled there, with her arms around her neck and her cheek against her bosom; while that mother gazed down upon her blooming face, smoothed the bright hair, and caressed her with many loving words, in the soft tone of some mother ring-dove cooing to its fledgling.

"Do you love me, my own Genevieve?"

"More than all the world, my own dearest mother. Ah, surely you know it."

"I do, but like to hear you say so. Do you love me as if I were indeed your own mother?"

Vivia was silent, but tried to compensate for her silence by the most tender caresses; until seeing the face of the lady begin to work with suffering, she hastened to say,

"More than any one else in this world that I have ever known, do I love you, lady; but my own dear mother, whom I never saw upon this earth—my sweet, young mother, who died so sadly when she was very little older than I am now—my angel mother, who went to heaven the same hour that I came on earth—you are not sorry that I love her best of all, lady?"

A low, deep sob, and then the Abbess arose, put Vivia gently from her arms, and walked to the fireplace, where she stood with her forehead leaned against the mantle-piece.

"You are not hurt, you are not pained that I love my dear, lost mother as a guardian-angel, lady?" asked Vivia, going behind her and putting her arms around her waist.

"No, no," replied the nun, in a choking voice, with her hand clutching at her chest.

"I love you more than all else in the whole world, more than I ever loved Father Francis."

The hand that was disengaged was suddenly waved, quickly, shortly, impatiently, and the Abbess leaving her position, came and reseated herself in her chair. Vivia threw herself down at her feet and laid her head in her lap, taking and caressing her pale, thin hands, saying,

"I will live my love, I will prove it, I will never leave you, mother."

"My bright angel! the world has many attractions for one like you," said the Abbess, in a trembling voice.

"None strong enough to entice me from my beloved mother!"

"Ah! my own! I would not accept your promise, did I not know how short my troubled life is like to be—and I would love to have my darling near me while I live, so she would be happy here."

"I am very happy, dearest mother, and I will never, never leave you until your own voice bids me depart."

The pale nun gathered the young girl to her bosom, and strained her to her heart, and called her her blessing, her darling, her angel, the life of her life, and many fond impassioned names besides.

"A lady to see the Mother Superior," said the voice of the portress at the door.

"Show her in. Go, my darling, my blessed darling, until I get rid of this visitor," said the Abbess, embracing and dismissing Vivia, while the portress went to usher in the guest.

"Ada Malmaison!" exclaimed the Abbess, turning paler than before.

"Yes, Mother Agatha! Ada Malmaison, and not the Demon, as your appalled look would seem to say," replied the fair visitor, in the sweet, clear monotone that distinguished her.

"Excuse me, madame! pray sit down," apologized the Abbess, recovering herself and offering a chair.

"I thank you, I must avail myself of your civility so far," answered the visitor, taking a seat, "but farther I do not know that it is necessary we should flatter each other. Your first reception of me was probably the most sincere."

"Probably," said the Abbess.

Never was a greater contrast between two human beings than there was between these two women. The Abbess with her dark face that the deep lines of thought, suffering and passion had aged before its time, and her large, dark, soul-thrilling eyes and deep toned voice. The visitor, the fairest of all fair women, and the calmest of all calm creatures, with her snow-white face so statuesque in its repose, and so polished in its smoothness, and her clear, pure, silvery tones. They were as opposite in costume as in everything else—the dark, troubled nun, clothed in the black veil and habit of the Convent; the fair, calm visitor, in a light and elegant carriage dress.

"You are waiting to know my business here, Lady Abbess. It is soon told; I came to remove Genevieve."

The Abbess started up with a half suppressed cry that deepened to a groan as she sunk back into her chair.

"You promised that she should stay with me," faltered the unhappy woman.

"What, forever?"

"Ah! you are safe now! You spring the screws upon my heart as you please!"

"What mean you, lady, by these words? That which I ask of you is very simple. Miss Laglorieuse is my niece, and as such she should enter the world," said Ada, quietly.

"*She is my child!*" moaned the Abbess, in that deep, rich, vibrating tone of passionate emotion, as though all the strongest chords of her heart had been swept at once, and wailed forth a whole life time's pent up agony—"*she is my child!*"

"Dare to claim her, then!"

The words were defiant, but the tones were clear and calm as ever, and contrasted strangely with the burst of passion in which the other exclaimed,

"Woman! or fiend! are you?"

"Which ever you please—but—Abbess, or—*what* are you?"

"MADAME!"

"That does not answer my question."

"Fiend! you are a fiend! You have made my life—not a *desert*—that had been mercy! but a Gehenna of dry bones! a hell of murdered hopes and burning, maddening memories! But, woman! there will come a day when our cause shall be tried before the tribunal of the Highest! Thank God there is a Judgment Day and a Lake of Fire!"

"A pious aspiration!" said Ada, serenely.

"Not content with having bereft me of Francois, not sated either with having rended Austin from my bosom, and kept him from my sight—"

"Abbess!"

—"You would tear this child also from my bleeding heart!"

"Come, Holy Mother Abbess! Bride of Heaven! what have you to do with family love and vain human affections, renounced at the altar long ago—and guilty now, if entertained in your perjured heart? Do you ever visit the confessional, lady? are these vain repinings and sinful longings poured into the ear of your spiritual guide? Or is there not a reservation like the accursed portion kept back by Ananias and Sapphira?"

"Fiend! I say again!" broke from the tortured heart and lips of the nun.

"I will set the Holy Mother Superior of St. Genevieve an example of forbearance, and not return railing for railing," said Ada, calmly; "I remain in the neighborhood for one week longer, at the end of which time I shall call and take Genevieve away and convey her to the city, where I shall stay until the house at Sunset Hills is ready. Good morning, Mother Agatha," concluded the visitor, retiring.

The portress let Mrs. Malmaison out, but had scarcely shut the door behind her, when the sound of a heavy fall arrested her attention, and upon running into the parlor, she found the Abbess stretched upon the floor in a deep swoon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A HINT TO REFORMERS.—There is just as much danger that spiritual liberty may run into licentiousness as that temporal liberty may; just as much risk of sentiment being blunted in the soldiers of the cross, who revolutionize and hack down beliefs, as in the common soldier who cuts off the heads of his enemies.

☞ A man who had a cause in court said, "that if he lost in the Common Pleas, he would appeal to the Supreme Court, and from thence to Heaven." "And there," replied a gentleman, "you will be sure to lose, for you will not be present to answer for yourself, and no attorney is ever admitted there."

☞ Mr. Macaulay tells us that what is now called the leading article in a newspaper, seldom appeared, even after the censorship of the press expired, in 1695, unless there was a want of news. *Perhaps* this is true.

☞ PERVERSENESS.—One perverse disposition destroys the peace of a family, as one jarring instrument spoils a whole concert.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1856.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENIGMAS. Really cannot say. There are from four to six months' amount of very fair enigmas already on hand—and the best only are published. Charades, conundrums, problems, &c., are fewer in number, and therefore, when good, their chances of insertion are much greater. We receive many things fit to print, which never get printed—being pushed aside by still better, perhaps sometimes only *fuckier*, matter.

E. L. H. We have mislaid your letter and address. The owner of a "working machine" writes that he would like to sell it, as he has no further use for it.

THE GARDEN IN MARCH.

"It is the first mild day of March,
Each minute sweeter than before,
The Red-breast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door."

So sang Wordsworth, the poet-lover of Nature, in praise of the soft, genial March of sea-girt England. But even in our harsher clime, amid the lingering storms of winter, come balmy days that set our fancy afloat upon a sea of delicious expectation, while the new life of Spring runs riot through every vein. For Hope is sweeter than any fruition that earth affords, and all the bloom of Summer and the ripe glory of Autumn thrill us not as do the boundless possibilities that like a vision overweep the soul with the first breath of Spring. It is the rising from the dead—the miracle of resurrection typified yearly before our eyes, and endless repetitions cannot make it old.

How happy the birds are this morning! The sunshine and soft air set them all still with rapture. That must be a bluebird singing so sweetly in the tall tree. Bluebirds love to be near the dwellings of men. And this little brown creature hopping on the ground, with a breast as white as the snow beneath it—Really we must brush up our ornithological knowledge, and learn of our dear old friends Wilson and Audubon the name of each pretty flutterer, that we may call them as familiarly as we do Harry and Fred, the little loves of our nursery.

Children, especially babies, are very like the birds, with their innocent, endearing ways, their bright glances and quick movements, that cannot, by any chance, be other than graceful. The first warm sunshine sets them to fluttering, and singing, too. They plan summer playhouses, and chatter of summer sports, while over their heads the tree-tops are all alive with similar discussions among the busy little housekeepers of the air.

How it amuses the children to interpret the baby talk of the birds! They smile and nod assent at once, and the sweet, shy creatures seem henceforth more than ever like playmates. Their perfect freedom seems an especial luxury to little ones not yet let loose. Cora looks longingly after them, and pleads to run all round the garden, but the soft snow forbids. "Chippy's feet don't sink into the snow," she says, "and when he comes to a mud-puddle he spreads his wings—I wish I was a bird."

Oh, the privilege of a garden for children! Where they can grow up in loving companionship with nature, sporting about in sun and shade, busy as the bees, fresh and sweet as the flowers, cheery as the birds. Cobbett, whose views of life in many points have our hearty sympathy, pleases us in nothing more decidedly than in his conviction of the importance of a garden. In his "Advice to a Father" he gives a very pleasing picture of his own home-life. "We lived in a garden of about two acres, partly kitchen garden with walls, partly shrubbery and trees, and partly grass. There were the peaches, as tempting as any that ever grew, and yet as safe from fingers as if no child were ever in the garden. It was not necessary to forbid. The blackbirds, the thrushes, the white-throats, and even that very shy bird the goldfinch, had their nests and bred up their young ones in great abundance, all about this little spot, constantly the play place of six children; and one of the latter had its nest, and brought up its young ones in a raspberry-bush within two yards of a walk, and at the time that we were gathering the ripe raspberries. Each child had his flower-bed, little garden, plantation of trees; rabbits, dogs, asses, horses, pheasants, and hares; hoes, spades, whips, guns; always some object of lively interest, and as much earnestness and bustle about the various objects as if our living had solely depended upon them. I made everything give way to the great object of making their lives happy and innocent. I did not know what they might be in time, or what might be my lot; but I was resolved not to be the cause of their being unhappy then, let what might become of us afterwards."

Such is the life that children would instinctively choose. The artificial pleasures of the city have no attraction for them in comparison. Give them country air and country sports, ample room and encouragement to grow up intelligent, practical, and happy human beings, and you have a solid foundation for mental culture. Through the natural play of a healthful mind they will be always unwittingly acquiring knowledge, so that at any time they can quickly surpass the weary students of a city school. The general exercise of the faculties is what the city cannot afford. "Such a poor place to live—not a stick to be found!" said a little boy, who was brought back to town after a summer of the largest liberty in the country.

Winter retreats this season with reluctant steps, showering down occasionally from the selectest treasures of the frost, such lavish beauty that we more than forgive his tardiness. Such was the snow fall of the 19th. In the darkness and stillness of night it transformed the garden into a scene of enchantment which vanished with the sunrise like a fairy wonder.

"The snow had begun in the gloaming;
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway,
With a silence deep and white.

"Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig of the elm-tree,
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

"From sheds new roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swans' down,
And still fluttered down the snow."

Early that morning we looked from the window that opens upon the garden, and exclaimed, "Was there ever anything more beautiful?" It was all embowered as if the trees were in full leaf. The snow had descended noiselessly as a dream through the quiet air, and the nakedness of winter was there no longer. There was soft turf, and graceful foliage shading it, but all, as by magic, pure white.

And not long since when the rain was arrested by a blast from the north and froze as it fell, what a glittering spectacle the morning sun shone upon! Aladdin's garden, where sapphires and emeralds hung like autumn fruit, and diamonds flashed and rubies glowed and flamed through the green branches, was not a more brilliant sight.

These are compensations for a late season. But we shall probably have it somewhat as they do in Russia and Sweden, where on a sudden all signs of winter disappear with incredible rapidity, and Nature rises up some fine morning and puts on her Spring attire, as mortals do, all at once.

EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

It might be supposed that the women of this country had been already sufficiently lectured about their health; so much has been said and written by learned physiologists upon the means of preserving and regaining it, that there is little chance now to sin in ignorance. But still there are many who feel obliged to live in such a way that their health suffers daily and consciously, more or less. They know that daily walks are good, that horseback riding is excellent, and carriage excursions desirable; that gymnastic and callisthenic exercises are strengthening—but they do not see the way clear to practice any of these things. A young mother, with such *help* as is procurable now-a-days, often cannot conscientiously leave her house and her little children for any recreation. Her life generally must be within the small circle of her home. Whether confinement agree or disagree with her health, there her duty lies, and there she must stay. This may be fully acknowledged without any feeling of blame. The husband, too, is confined to his office or counter or workshop, and plays no more than the wife. We are pre-eminently a busy people, for the reasons that in a new country there is any quantity of work to be done, and that equal institutions place the great prizes of life within the reach of all. It is useless to advise ambitious young people beginning with nothing, to moderate their desires and play by the way, as they do in the old world. The game of success is too earnest. Their social elevation and that of their children, is too serious an object to be risked by relaxation. Whatever exercise or amusement can be brought within the regular routine of daily toil will be taken, and no other. Thus it practically works.

Now we have a simple plan to propose—so simple that the reader will smile, yet so effectual as to make the difference between health and sickness. Consider what is needful for health; first, so much use of all the limbs daily as shall at least keep in mind what this wonderful physical structure was contrived for—secondly, the full and thorough inflation of the lungs regularly with pure air. How many there are who from the time they enter into the serious business of life pay no attention to either of these essentials. Men and women take leave of the sports of childhood, and substitute no others in their place. The limbs are never fully exercised, the lungs never fully inflated. What wonder that the symptoms of old age come early? the beautiful machinery of the human body, like other machinery, will sooner rust out than wear out.

The best thing, no doubt, would be some kind of out-door games which would exhilarate spiritually as well as physically; but as this is not generally practicable, especially for women, the next best thing is to go through a series of exercises deliberately adapted to the purpose. Those we have in our mind are practised at the Elmira Water-Cure, New York, and probably at many other establishments of the same kind. They are easier imagined than described, as the story-writers say; and where there is a company, are concluded with a gallopade in regular style. Any movements that bring into regular but vigorous exercise, alternately, all the muscles of all the limbs and of the body, will answer the purpose. The motions that strengthen the arms and enlarge the chest, put the muscles of a city lady to so much unaccustomed use that she would be apt to exclaim, "Why, I might as well send away the girls and do all my housework, as go through this fatigue. Nobody ever worked harder at the wash-tub, or the wood-saw, or the bread-tray!" Truly it seems so at first, but with daily practice a delightful feeling of refreshment succeeds to the first fatigue. The difference between going through the motions for play, and doing useful work, is that in one case you choose the best air and the best attitudes, and the best time, and stop when you are tired, while in the other, you have no choice. Besides, those who adopt a sedentary employment for a living, cannot command time or opportunity for exercise of a useful kind. Play is what they want.

And do not think, because there is no company to play with, that it cannot be done at all. When that wretched feeling of weariness and debility comes over you from long sitting, go out into the piazza or yard, or if no better place offers, before an open window, and give your limbs the action for which they are pining. It will not take much time. Ten minutes, (we speak from experience), ten minutes vigorous and varied exercise, inhaling the while, as deeply as you can quaff it, the pure, cold air, will make you feel like a new creature, and you can go back to work, repeating the process through the day as you need refreshment. This is only for those who cannot command social amusement at the time they require it. A game of graces or a dance would be a more pleasurable relaxation, as it would call into action more faculties of mind and body; but what we have to say is that these deliberate exercises *will answer the purpose*, and in many cases we fully believe their practice would substitute a healthful for a diseased condition of body.

Teachers, needlewomen, artists, stay-at-home housekeepers—all whose employment is sedentary, try it. Put as much life and spirit, as much grace and harmony into the exercises as you can. The more musical accord your motions have, the more good they will do you. And remember that fresh air is essential. In taking into the lungs pure, cold air, you take in life.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The news brought by the Persia was not very important. They had no tidings yet in Europe of the Pacific. The annual speech of Louis Napoleon was peaceful in its tone, but he said that France must be prepared either for Peace or War. The English Alliance was referred to in terms of eulogy—and as a bond that Peace would even strengthen. It is pleasant to the philanthropist and the Christian to see this harmony and good feeling between two nations that for long centuries were almost constantly at strife. Perhaps, after a while, even some of our excitable politicians will cease to fall into such terrible paroxysms of alarm at the mere thought of a red uniform. It will be remembered that Franklin opposed the adoption of the Eagle as our national emblem—on the ground that it was both a foreign and a rapacious bird—and advocated the Turkey, as being a native of the country, and hating scarlet most intensely. If all the nation were like the politicians aforesaid, we should even at this late day go in for a substitution of the Turkey. And then, if we ever did become a nation of Filibusters—the change would be very easy and appropriate to the Turkey-Buzzard.

Covent Garden Theatre was burned to the ground on the morning of the 5th, at the close of a masked ball under the management of Professor Anderson, of conjuring celebrity. This is the second time it has so suffered. The loss was very great, and insurance very small—the origin of the fire is uncertain.

The French are sending 10,000 troops to replace those recently withdrawn from the Crimea—a certain sign that the contending parties are by no means "out of the woods" yet. 140,000 young soldiers also are to be called into active service.

Quite an animated discussion recently took place in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies relative to the prohibition (at the request of the ecclesiastical vicar) of the circulation of a Bible printed at Madrid, which conformed to the approved text. M. Bailes, one of the Deputies, said:—

"I was born a Catholic, and I hope to die in that belief; but if Protestantism consists in protesting energetically against the numerous vices, the unparalleled excess, the culpable egotism, the scandalous frauds, the notorious bad faith, the audacious resistance to the laws, the deadly influences of the Court of Rome upon Christianity, the abuse of power, the unjust and illegal intrusion of that Court on the rights and privileges of nations and monarchs—if Protestantism consists in denouncing the shameless and criminal disobedience to the constituted authorities, preached without ceasing, and, to-day with more scandal than ever, by a great number of ecclesiastics—I declare boldly that I am a Protestant; and I am certain that my opinion is shared by all good Catholics who desire the triumph of the Cross, and the propagation of the doctrine of Christ throughout the nations of the earth."

The Minister of the Interior censured M. Bailes for making such a speech, on such slight grounds. He justified the course of the government by an unrepealed law of 1820. He termed the Roman Pontiff the "visible head of the Church and *temporal* sovereign"—to which there were violent murmurs of dissent in the Chamber; but the Minister replied that "such murmurs came not from the Spanish nation, which was eminently Catholic." The course of the Ministry is supposed to indicate an approaching resumption of the former intimate relations between Spain and the Court of Rome—and therefore gives considerable uneasiness to the liberal portion of the nation.

MACAULAY AND GEORGE FOX.—At a late meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Mr. Charles Gibbons gave an illustration of Mr. Macaulay's unfairness—one of a very convincing character. Mr. Macaulay, in his history, refers to what he calls a dogma of George Fox's, that "a Christian was bound to face death itself, rather than to touch his hat to the greatest of mankind"—and says: "When Fox was challenged to produce any Scriptural authority for this dogma, he cited the passage in which it was written that Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were thrown into the fiery furnace with their hats on; and if his own narrative may be trusted, the Chief Justice of England was altogether unable to answer this *argument*, except by crying out 'take him away, jailor!'"

Macaulay, for the truth of this statement, refers to Fox's Journal, page 166. But Mr. Gibbons shows that the historian is convicted of the grossest prevarication by his own evidence. When Fox and his friends were taken into court, they stood with their hats on, and the journal cited by Mr. Macaulay says:

"Judge Glyn, a Welshman, then Chief Justice of England, said to the jailor, 'What be these you have brought here into the Court?' 'Prisoners, my lord,' said he. 'Why do you not put off your hats?' said the Judge to us. We said nothing. 'Put off your hats,' said the Judge again. Still we said nothing. Then said the Judge, 'The Court commands you to put off your hats.' Then I spake and said, 'Where did ever any Magistrate, King or Judge, from Moses to Daniel, command any to put off their hats, when they came before them in their courts, either amongst the Jews, (the people of God,) or amongst the Heathen? *And if the law of England doth command any such thing, show me that law either written or printed.*' The Judge grew very angry, and said, 'I do not carry my law-books on my back.' 'But,' said I, '*Tell me where it is printed in any statute book, that I may read it.*' Then said the Judge, 'Take him away, prevaricator! I will jerk him.' So they took us away and put us among the thieves. Presently after, he called to the jailor, 'Bring them up again. Come,' said he, '*where had they hats from Moses to Daniel?* Come, answer me; I have you fast now.' I replied, 'Thou mayest read in third of Daniel that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command, with *their coats, their hose*, and *their hats on*.' This plain instance stopped him; so that, not having anything else to the point, he cried again, 'Take them away, jailor.'"

It will be noticed by contrasting Mr. Macaulay's version with the Journal itself, that he has entirely perverted the language of Fox. The reference to Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego was a very pertinent, instead of a very fanatical one; and goes to prove a great acquaintance with the Scriptures. Very few professors of religion, if asked the same question, could have referred to a case where the wearing of hats was mentioned.

Mr. Macaulay mentions, in a note to his History, the immense quantity of original matter he has consulted in writing it. But if his condensed accounts of what he has read, are not to be relied upon—whenever his political or religious prejudices are involved—of how much use to the world has been this great amount of labor? One instance of an utter perversion of the truth, like that given above, is almost as fatal to his reputation as a reliable historian, as it is to his character as an honest, truth-loving man.

THE MONTHLY RAINBOW.—The "Ink Fountain" of this city, recently has been united with the "Rainbow," whose publisher now is Mr. George A. Crofut. M. M. Cooke and Dr. L. L. Chapman are the editors. The first number of the new issue is before us, and is a good looking and interesting sheet.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this was 198. Adults 84 and children 114.

THE CHINESE POTATO OR YAM.—The probability seems to be that entirely too much stress has been laid upon the value of this article. It appears that even the Chinese do not raise it very extensively—the sweet potato being the most common tuber. Besides, it is not well adapted to any portion of the Union north of Virginia—the latitude of China being about the same as that of the Southern States. It is thought by some that it may be worth cultivation for starch, and food for cattle, if not for mankind. Some of the tubers produce 17 or 18 per cent. of starch. The Chinese never use manure in the cultivation of these yams—the French say the plants "hate dung." The American Agriculturist says:—

"It may hereafter be found worthy of a limited cultivation in particular localities, and there is a bare possibility that it may be grown on a large scale in some of the Middle and Southern States. The cautious and reserved statements of the most enthusiastic French cultivators who have any character to sustain or lose, and the fact that an article of such 'inestimable value' has so entirely escaped the attention of the great number of persons visiting and trading in China during several years past, are, to say the least, suspicious circumstances. These yams are now either so common or so little appreciated in France—we scarcely know which—that the celebrated Paris nurserymen, Vilmorin, Andrieux & Co., in their printed catalogues sent to this country, offer the Dioscorea Batatas at $5 per 100, or $40 per 1,000, that is four cents each."

As our columns have contained more or less eulogy of this new potato, we feel bound to give prominence to the other side of the picture. The tubers have been selling in this country, we see it stated, for *three dollars a dozen!*

☞ We have letters from a number of subscribers in various portions of the country, all speaking in very favorable terms of the recent change of our form, &c. Some denominate it all the Post needed to make it perfect. These words of encouragement are very pleasant to us—but we hope those who write them will not stop there. The sunshine and rain which herald a good crop, are delightful—but, a little later, the husbandman rejoices even more, to behold his overflowing garners. The first number of the quarto form is a capital one for new subscribers to begin with.

A GOOD TEST.—The House of Representatives of Massachusetts has passed, by the necessary vote of two-thirds, an amendment to the Constitution providing that no person shall be allowed to exercise the right of suffrage who cannot read and write.

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on the 17th, Mr Clayton reviewed the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. He approved of the whole course of the Administration upon the subject. He denounced Walker as a ruffian, buccaneer and pirate. The Senate passed bills for the improvement of St. Clair's and St. Mary's rivers, Michigan; for the removal of obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi river, and for the improvement of the harbor of San Diego, California.

Senator Houston, on the 18th, made a long, very severe, and very personal speech relative to the late action of the Naval Board. He was for wiping out the wrong by the repeal of the Act under which the Board acted. Partiality and selfishness were the only commendations of the Board. Mr. Butler defended Com. Shubrick, and Mr Bayard Capt. Dupont—while Mr Mallory defended the Board, individually and collectively.

Mr. Clayton stated, on the 19th, on the authority of Mr Vanderbilt, the President of the Transit Company, that there never had been any act on the part of the Company, which in any manner encouraged Walker's invasion of Nicaragua. He referred to Walker's seizure of the Company's property, amounting to nearly a million of dollars, and read a letter from Mr. Vanderbilt to Mr. Marcy, in which the former asks the interposition of the Government for redress!! Relative to the proper action upon the difficulty with England, Mr. Clayton proposed to continue the negotiations, endeavoring to bring Great Britain to reason by argument. Meanwhile, we should arm in our own defence; protect our coast, build fortifications, and increase the navy—not, however, to make our country rival Great Britain. We should take time to do so. This was our right at any time, war or not. The present is the worst time we could engage in a war with Great Britain. She is armed cap-a-pie, capable of throwing 40,000 troops from the Crimea on our shores, and with the greatest naval equipment ever known in the history of the world, while we are almost defenceless. If Great Britain shall see that we are resolved to enforce our rights, pursuing the doctrine laid down by Washington, "in time of peace prepare for war," if she shall see that we are building up our fortifications and naval power, the people of England will compel their Government to yield its positions. Since the publication of the correspondence between Lord Clarendon and Mr. Buchanan, public opinion in England was rapidly leading to the acknowledgment of the justice of our construction of the Treaty. He had, on this point, received such information as left no doubt of the fact. Our appeal is from the British Ministry to the British People, who wish to engage in no unjust war with us. At any rate, be the consequences what they may, if we are drawn to the alternative of disgraceful submission or war, we must fight. He could not, however, believe there was any real danger of war.

On the 20th, Mr. Douglas replied to Mr. Trumbull on the Kansas question—the latter rejoining.

Mr. James presented a new Tariff project, substantially embodying the principles of Mr Guthrie's Report. It contains four schedules, specifying all descriptions of imported and dutiable merchandize. A consists of spirituous liquors exclusively, with a duty of eighty per cent. ad-valorem; B embraces all articles now paying thirty per cent and over except spirituous liquors, with a few others now rated at twenty-five—this includes iron—to pay 30 per cent. C contains a free list, including raw materials for manufacturers and mechanics, which are not produced in this country, or but partially; wool, chemicals, dye stuffs, and the like. D is composed of articles not enumerated in other schedules, with a duty of twenty per cent. Mr. James said the bill, if adopted, would effectually check the immense frauds now practiced by unprincipled importers.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on the 19th, the voting took place on the resolution from the Committee on Elections, relative to Kansas Affairs.

Mr. Bennett, of Massachusetts, had moved to amend the Committee's resolution to send for persons and papers, by substituting Joseph H. Bradley and Sidney H. Baxter as Commissioners, clothed with full power to take testimony.

The House adopted—yeas 104, nays 91—in lieu of Mr. Bennett's proposition, Mr. Dunn's substitute, authorizing the Speaker to appoint a Committee of three members, with full powers to take testimony in the Territory, appropriating $10,000 to defray the expenses, and requesting the President to give military protection to the Committee, if necessary.

Mr. Cobb, of Ga., said, as now there was no remaining proposition which ought to be adopted, he moved to lay the subject on the table. Negatived—yeas 93, nays 106.

The question then recurring on the original resolution as amended, it was agreed to—yeas 101, nays 92, and afterwards clinched by laying a motion for reconsideration on the table. The Republicans denominated it "as great a triumph as the election of their Speaker."

On the 24th, the Speaker announced the Kansas Investigating Committee to consist of Messrs. Campbell, of Ohio; Howard, of Michigan, and Oliver of Missouri.

The small-pox has broken out in Buncombe county, North Carolina. The citizens of Asheville have placed guards on the road to prevent any person from the country visiting the town, and a fine of 25 dollars is imposed upon any one who shall pass the guard and come into the town without permission.

A young lady who lost her way in a snow-storm near Iowa Point, Kansas, was four days and nights exposed to the weather without food. There was ten feet of snow on the ground and the thermometer was 17 deg. below zero. She was rescued by a search party and will probably entirely recover from the effects of the exposure.

The mail for California from Utah, in January last, was carried over the Sierra Nevada mountains by a Norwegian, who footed it on snow shoes seven feet long and four inches wide, in the form of skates, and shoved himself along with a pole.

The recent departure of the Nicaragua filibusters was openly proclaimed in the papers of New Orleans, and great enthusiasm was manifested.

New Publications.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS. To which is added Porsoniana. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The editor of this volume was in the habit of writing down the anecdotes, &c., told by Mr. Rogers—and has herein given a selection of them. A number of anecdotes of Porson are also given—making, in the whole, a very amusing and interesting book. We quote the following:

Sir George Beaumont, when a young man, was one day in the Mount (a famous coffee-house in Mount street, in Grosvenor Square,) with Harvey Aston. Various persons were seated at different tables. Among others present, there was an Irishman who was very celebrated as a duellist, having killed at least half-a-dozen antagonists. Aston, talking to some of his acquaintance, swore that he would make the dreadest stand barefooted before them. "You had better take care what you say," they replied; "he has his eyes upon you." "No matter," rejoined Aston; "I declare again that he shall stand barefooted before you, if you will make up among you a purse of fifty guineas." They did so. Aston then said in a loud voice, "I have been in Ireland, and am well acquainted with the natives." The Irishman was all ear. Aston went on, "The Irish, being born in bogs, are every one of them webfooted; I know it for a fact." "Sir," roared the duellist, starting up from his table, "it is false!" Aston persisted in his assertion. "Sir," cried the other, "I was born in Ireland; and I will prove to you that it is a falsehood." So saying, in great haste he pulled off his shoes and stockings, and displayed his bare feet. The joke ended in Aston's sharing the purse between the Irishman and himself, giving the former thirty guineas, and keeping twenty. Sir George assured me that this was a true story.

A similar story is related of the Irishman from whom Macklin took the idea of Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan (in *Love a la Mode*). Macklin professing his belief that he, like other Irishmen, must have a tail, "he instantly pulled off his coat and waistcoat, to convince him of his mistake, assuring him 'that as Irishmen, in that respect, was better than another man.'" Cooke's *Memoirs of Macklin*, p. 225.—*Ed.*

It is inexcusable in any one to write illegibly. When I was a schoolboy, I used to get hold of our writing-master's copies and trace them by holding them against the window: hence the plain hand I now write. When the great Lord Clive was in India, his sisters sent him some handsome presents from England; and he informed them by letter that he had returned them an "*elephant*" (at least so they read the word); an announcement which threw them into the utmost perplexity,—for what could they possibly do with the animal? The true word was "equivalent."

Those who have seen autograph letters of Dr. Parr will not easily believe that any handwriting could be more puzzling. A Fellow of Magdalen College (who himself told me the circumstance) received one day a note from Parr, to say that he was on his way to Oxford, would sup with him that night, and would be glad to have *two eggs* (so my informant read the words) got ready for his supper. Accordingly, on his arrival, the eggs were served up in all due form to the hungry Doctor, who no sooner saw them than he flew into a violent passion, "instead of *eggs* he had written *lobsters*.—*Ed.*

FOX.—Fox, (in his earlier days, I mean,) Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, &c., led *such* a life! Lord Tankerville assured me that he has played cards with Fitzpatrick at Brooks's from ten o'clock at night, till near six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them "whose deal it was," they being too sleepy to know.

After losing large sums at hazard, Fox would go home—not to destroy himself, as his friends sometimes feared, but—to sit down quietly and read Greek.

He once won about £8,000; and one of his bond-creditors, who soon heard of his good luck, presented himself, and asked for payment. "Impossible, sir," replied Fox; "I must first discharge my debts of honor." The bond-creditor remonstrated. "Well, sir, give me your bond." It was delivered to Fox, who tore it in pieces and threw them into the fire. "Now, sir," said Fox, "my debt to you is a debt of honor;" and immediately paid him.

I saw Lunardi make the first ascent in a balloon which had been witnessed in England. It was from the Artillery ground. Fox was there, with his brother, General F. The crowd was immense. Fox, happening to put his hand down to his watch, found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. "My friend," said he, to the owner of the strange hand, "you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last." "Oh, Mr. Fox," was the reply, "forgive me, and let me go! I have been driven to this course by necessity alone; my wife and children are starving at home." Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into the hand, and then released it. On the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what o'clock it was.—"Good God!" cried he, "my watch is gone!" "Yes," answered General F., "I know it is; I saw your friend take it." "Saw him take it! and you made no attempt to stop him?" "Really, you and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other, that I did not choose to interfere."

WELLINGTON.—Speaking to me of Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington remarked that, in one respect, he was superior to all the Generals who had ever existed. "Was it," I asked, "in the management and skillful arrangement of his troops?" "No," answered the Duke, "it was in his power of concentrating such vast masses of men—a most important point in the art of war."

"I have found," said the Duke, "that raw troops, however inferior to the old ones in manœuvring, are far superior to them in downright hard fighting with the enemy. At Waterloo, the young Ensigns and Lieutenants, who had never before seen a battle, rushed to meet death as if they had been playing at cricket."

The Duke thinks very highly of Napier's History; its only fault, he says, is that Napier is sometimes apt to convince himself that a thing must be true, because *he* wishes to believe it. Of Southey's History, he merely said, "I don't think much of it."

Of the Duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance: He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said: "It will soon be all over with us." "Very well," answered the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.—Thomas Grenville told me this curious fact. When he was a young man, he one day dined with Lord Spencer at Wimbledon. Among the company was George Pitt (afterwards Lord Rivers,) who declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord Spencer said, "Well, there is a mastiff in the court yard here, which is the terror of the neighborhood; will you try your powers on him?" Pitt agreed to do so; and the company descended into the court-yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down at a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face. They all shuddered. At a signal given, the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously toward Pitt, then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and, leaping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after.

During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking, a little before my carriage, on the road, not far from Vicenza, I perceived two huge dogs, nearly as tall as myself, bounding toward me (from out a gateway, though there was no house in sight). I recollected what Pitt had done; and, trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eyed them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and then went back again.

ERSKINE.—"A friend of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness; and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly; they dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes."

To all letters soliciting his "subscription" to anything, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz: "Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obedient servant," &c.

Latterly Erskine was very poor; and no wonder, for he always contrived to sell out of the funds when they were very low, and to buy in when they were very high. "By heaven," he would say, "I am a perfect kite, all paper; the boys might fly me." Yet poor as he was, he still kept the best society; I have met him at the Duke of York's, &c.

When he had a house at Hampstead, he entertained the very best company. I have dined there with the Prince of Wales—the only time I ever had any conversation with his Royal Highness. On that occasion the Prince was very agreeable and familiar. Among other anecdotes which he told us of Lord Thurlow, I remember these two. The first was: Thurlow once said to the Prince, "Sir, your father will continue to be a popular king as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman, your mother; but you, sir, will never be popular." The other was this: While his servants were carrying Thurlow up stairs to his bed-room, just before his death, they happened to let his legs strike against the banisters, upon which he uttered *the last words he ever spoke*—a frightful imprecation on "all their souls."

SYDNEY SMITH.—He said that ——— was so fond of contradiction that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

When his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach," Smith asked, "Upon whose?"

"Lady Cork," said Smith, "was once so moved by a charity sermon that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself."

He said that "*his* idea of Heaven was eating fois gras to the sound of trumpets."

VERNON.—Vernon was the person who invented the story about the lady being pulverised in India by a *coup de soleil*. When he was dining there with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes; upon which the Hindoo rang the bell, and said to the attendant who answered it, "Bring fresh glasses, and sweep up your mistress."

Another of his stories was this: He happened to be shooting hyenas near Carthage, when he stumbled and fell down an abyss of many fathoms' depth. He was surprised, however, to find himself unhurt; for he lighted as if on a feather-bed. Presently he perceived that he was moving upward; and, having by degrees reached the mouth of the abyss, he again stood safe on *terra-firma*. He had fallen upon an immense mass of bats, which, disturbed from their slumbers, had risen out of the abyss and brought him up with them.

DUCHESS OF GORDON.—I knew Jane, Duchess of Gordon, intimately, and many pleasant hours have I passed in her society. She used to say, "I have been acquainted with David Hume and William Pitt, and therefore I am not afraid to converse with anybody."

The Duchess told the following anecdote to Lord Stowell, who told it to Lord Dunmore, who told it to me. "The son of Lord Cornwallis (Lord Brome) fell in love with my daughter Louisa, and she liked him much. They were to be married; but the intended match was broken off by Lord C., whose only objection to it sprung from his belief that there was madness in my husband's family. Upon this I contrived to have a *tete-a-tete* with Lord C., and said to him, "I know your reason for disapproving of your son's marriage with my daughter; now, I will tell you one thing plainly—there is not a drop of the Gordon blood in Louisa's body." With this statement Lord C. was quite satisfied, and the marriage took place. The duchess prided herself greatly on the success of this manœuvre, though it had forced her to slander her own character so cruelly and unjustly! In fact, manœuvreing was her delight.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Doctor Fordyce sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than half-seas-over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered. "Drunk, by ———!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed; and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behavior he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret in consideration of the inclosed (a £100 bank-note.)"

My friend Lord Holland, though a kind-hearted man, does not mind killing flies and wasps: he says, "I have no feeling for *insects*." When I was on the Continent with Richard Sharp, we one day observed a woman amusing her child by holding what we at first thought was a mouse tied to a string, with which a cat was playing. Sharp was all indignation at the sight; till, on looking more closely, he found that the supposed mouse was a small rat; upon which he exclaimed, "Oh, I have no pity for *rats!*" People choose to give the term *vermin* to those animals that happen to like what they themselves like; wasps eat peaches, and they call them vermin.

The head-dresses of the ladies, during my youth, were of a truly preposterous size. I have gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat. Their tight lacing was equally absurd. Lady Crewe told me, that, on returning home from Ranelagh, she has rushed up to her bed-room, and desired her maid to cut her laces without a moment's delay, for fear she should faint.

Sir George Beaumont once met Quin at a very small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish towards Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. "Pray," said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, "which *is* the pudding?"

The stanza which Gray threw out of his *Elegy* is better than some of the stanzas he has retained:

"There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

During my youth umbrellas were far from common. At that time every gentleman's family had *one umbrella*,—a huge thing, made of coarse cotton,—which used to be taken out with the carriage, and which, if there was rain, the footman held over the ladies' heads, as they entered, or alighted from, the carriage.

How incapable of estimating Burns's genius were the worthy folks of Edinburgh! Henry Mackenzie (who ought to have known better) advised him to take for his model in song-writing—Mrs. John Hunter!

Dr. Parr had a horror of the east wind; and Tom Sheridan once kept him prisoner in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weathercock in that direction.

I was present on the second day of Hastings's trial in Westminster Hall; when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop. During one of those days, Sheridan, having observed Gibbon among the audience, took occasion to mention "the luminous author of *The Decline and Fall*." After he had finished, one of his friends reproached him with flattering Gibbon "Why, what did I say of him?" asked Sheridan. "You called him the luminous author," &c. "Luminous! oh, I meant—voluminous."

Sheridan once said to me, "When posterity read the speeches of Burke, they will hardly be able to believe that, during his life-time, he was not considered as a first-rate speaker, not even as a second-rate one."

When the Duke of York was obliged to retreat before the French, Sheridan gave as a toast, "The Duke of York and his brave followers."

Fox used to declare of himself that he was "a most painstaking person." When he came into office, finding that his handwriting was very bad, he took lessons to improve it.

Fox once told me that the extracts which he had seen from Hippocrates had given him a high opinion of that writer; that one of his aphorisms was excellent,—"The second-best remedy is better than the best, if the patient likes it best;"—and that he intended to read his works.

Burke said to Mrs. Crewe: "A dull proser is more endurable than a dull joker."

He also said to her: "England is a moon shone upon by France. France has all things within herself; and she possesses the power of recovering from the severest blows. England is an artifical country: take away her commerce, and what has she?"

If Moore had made me his confidant in the business, I should have protested warmly against the destruction of the *Memoirs* (Byron's, written by himself). But he chose Luttrell, probably because he thought him the more fashionable man; and Luttrell, who cared nothing about the matter, readily voted that they should be put into the fire. There were, I understand, some gross things in that manuscript; but I read only a portion of it, and did not light upon them. I remember that it contained this anecdote: On his marriage night, Byron suddenly started out of his first sleep. A taper which burned in the room was casting a ruddy glare through the crimson curtains of the bed, and he could not help exclaiming, in a voice so loud that he wakened Lady B, "Good God, I am surely in hell!"

A friend of mine in Portland Place has a wife who inflicts upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties he was standing in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman, coming up to him, said, "Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home."

Paley permitted—nay, wished—his daughters to go to evening parties; but insisted that one of them should always remain at home, to give her assistance, if needed, by rubbing him, &c., in case of an attack of the rheumatic pains to which he was subject. "This," he said, "taught them natural affection."

Witticisms are often attributed to the wrong people. It was Lord Chesterfield, not Sheridan, who said, on occasion of a certain marriage, that "Nobody's son had married Everybody's daughter."

Lord Chesterfield remarked of two persons dancing a minuet, that "they looked as if they were hired to do it, and were doubtful of being paid."

Wilkes was quite as ugly, and squinted as much as his portraits make him; but he was very gentlemanly in appearance and manners. I think I see him at this moment, walking through the crowded streets of the city as Chamberlain, on his way to Guild Hall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig—the hackney-coachman in vain calling out to him: "A coach, your honor?"

Topham Beauclerk (Johnson's friend) was a strangely absent person. One day he had a party coming to dinner; and, just before their arrival, he went up stairs, to change his dress. He forgot all about them; thought that it was bed-time, pulled off his clothes, and got into bed. A servant, who presently entered the room to tell him that his guests were waiting for him, found him fast asleep.

Dunning (afterward Lord Ashburton) was "stating the law" to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, "If *that* be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My Lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and *read* them."

It is curious how fashion changes pronunciation. In my youth everybody said "Lonnon," not "London;" Fox said "Lonnon" to the last; and so did Crowe. The now fashionable pronunciation of several words is to me at least very offensive; "contemplate" is bad enough; but "balcony" makes me sick.

Combe recollected having seen Mrs. Siddons, when a very young woman, standing by the side of her father's stage, and knocking a pair of snuffers against a candlestick, to imitate the sound of a windmill during the representation of some Harlequin piece.

Humphrey Howarth, the surgeon, was called out, and made his appearance in the field stark naked, to the astonishment of the challenger, who asked him what he meant. "I know," said H., "that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues; and therefore I have met you thus." His antagonist declared, that fighting with a man in *puris naturalibus* would be quite ridiculous; and accordingly they parted without further discussion.

Lord Alvanley, on returning home after his duel with young O'Connel, gave a guinea to the hackney-coachman who had driven him out and brought him back. The man, surprised at the largeness of the sum, said, "My Lord, I only took you to ——," Alvanley interrupted him, "My friend, the guinea is *for bringing me back*, not for taking me out."

THE BURNING OF THE NEW JERSEY.

We are indebted to the columns of a contemporary—Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper—for the above illustration of the burning of the steamboat New Jersey. The bodies of thirty-one persons have been recovered; but it is said there are 30 persons still missing. The watches of two of the individuals found, had stopped at twelve minutes before 9, P. M.—the exact moment probably of the plunge of their owners overboard. In the evidence before the Coroner's Jury, Mr. John L. Patterson said that a person in the pilot house refused to put in to the shipping, lest it should be set afire. He asked if human life was not worth more than shipping, but no reply was made. He counted 120 persons in the boat—including "21 females, 3 girls, and 3 little boys." He thinks that if the boat had been run on the bar, instead of headed towards the wharf, all could have been saved. When about opposite Race street, a steam tug passed between the boat and the shore, and went down the river without rendering any assistance, although she was 100 yards from them; and must have heard the cries of those on board the boat.

Miss Ellen Stowe jumped off near Arch street wharf, and was picked up by a small boat. She heard ladies screaming, and saw them throw up their arms, but none fainted.

The pilot says he could not have got to the bar as soon as to the wharf—and the captain concurs, adding that the water was then too deep on the bar, in consequence of the state of the tide. Mr. Agnew thus describes the scene:—"I was upon the bow of the boat in the midst of a wild, heart-rending scene of terror. A crowd of at least one hundred persons, including twenty or twenty-five ladies, were clustered together in the smallest possible space to avoid the intense heat of the flames—some clinging to the guards, others frantically endeavoring to wrench loose the stanchions which were yet free from the devouring element, while some stood horror-stricken, gazing upon the fast approaching flames behind, or the icy current before them. There was nothing on board save a bench or two that could be made available as a float or life-preserver. As the volume of the flames increased it caught the dresses of the women, whose shrieks for assistance were appalling. Not until their clothing was burnt from their persons did the passengers seem willing to seek a chance of safety in the bosom of the other element. One by one, sometimes five or six at a time, they made the fearful leap from the burning deck."

Meetings have been held in this city and Camden, to collect funds for the bereaved families.

THE OLD DOMINION; Or, The Southampton Massacre. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price 50 cts. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

MARY MORRIS, AND OTHER TALES. By H. N. Moore. Eighth Edition. Price 25 cents. Phila.: A. Winch.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, January, 1856. American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Phila.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS, No. 17. Elfred; Or, The Blind Boy and his Pictures. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Letter from England.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING—INDIVIDUALITY OF PRIVATE EQUIPAGES—PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION IN PALL MALL—PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

London, Feb. 22, 1856.

A few weeks of weather, generally mild and pleasant, have brought us already the first indications of approaching Spring. Green Park, with its wide extent of level verdure, proves itself truly deserving of its name; the early shrubbery in Kensington Gardens begins to blossom forth, the lilac bushes are covered with buds, and the multitudes of crocuses and snow-drops that adorn the beds have been in full bloom for a week past.

In the streets, you meet women with bouquets of violets for sale, and at many of the windows, boxes of hyacinths and other early plants present a very flourishing appearance.

The pleasant weather calls forth, as usual, the great variety of private carriages and vehicles of every description, which cannot fail to strike the eye of a stranger visiting England for the first time.

There seems no one thing in which individual eccentricities, love of comfort, pride or ostentation, so work themselves out into view as in these carriages, and it would almost appear as if every body who could afford to keep one invented a new kind for his own especial benefit. You see every imaginable variety of wooden box or tray, highly polished and set upon wheels, seldom graceful, often exceedingly ugly and clumsy, but highly finished and wonderfully luxurious, with their well stuffed cushions and easy rolling motion.

Sometimes you meet a party of ladies enjoying themselves in a great roomy sociable affair, like an open boat. Then a gentleman, bolt upright and solitary, in a square walled up box, with all the windows down. Then rolls by a magnificent and imposing affair, a great vehicle, of dark polished surface, hung with crimson cloth. The coachman, fat and red-faced, on a high throne covered with drapery, four footmen, two in front and two behind, standing up in livery, and holding in their hands thick wooden poles, some six or eight feet long. The whole weighty affair rolling proudly on among the smaller vehicles, giving, at the slightest obstacles, a heavy and portentous bounce.

The horses, too, belonging to these private carriages, are pleasant to behold. They are so plump, glossy and carefully matched. The coachmen wear a distinctive dress, generally a long coat with two or three capes, a gold or silver band around the hat, and white gloves.

There are small carriages for invalids drawn by hand; another kind for children drawn by a pair of shaggy little goats. In the streets you meet donkey carts, with boys selling vegetables, and lumbering country wagons, with horses of such enormous size, such massive limbs, fringed with long, glossy hair, that they seem to belong to some race of gigantic war horses, rather than to the jaded looking and medium-sized species that do such good service for us at home.

With the unfolding of the blossoms comes also the grand opening of the annual exhibitions of architecture, of painting, and of every other art. This season, one of the earliest announced was the third annual exhibition of the Photographic Society, in Pall Mall, which presents this year a very varied and interesting display, and shows the rapid progress made by this new art.

The beauty and perfection of representations of architecture by the Photographic process, have been acknowledged for some time past; and at this exhibition few can fail to be struck with the admirable views of "The Cloisters at Canterbury," one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in England; of "Cæsar's Tower," at Kenilworth Castle, a noble round tower, in the Roman style, and its wilderness of ivy, and dense foliage of forest trees; and of other celebrated old buildings.

The collector of china is delighted with the rendering of "Oriental China Jars," "Vases," "Crystal Cup from the Louvre," etc.

The antiquary welcomes eagerly the exact fac similes of "Cuneform inscriptions," "Assyrian Fragments" and "Ancient Tombs," and, applying his microscope, examines every spot and scratch upon the stone as distinctly visible as in the original monument, for the sun is an artist who overlooks nothing, however minute, and makes no mistakes.

Prince Albert's fat sheep and enormous oxen, photographed by royal command, are exhibited for the benefit of the carnivorous public and amateur stock-breeders.

Portraits of well-known characters, such as Lord John Russell, Sidney Herbert, Sir George Grey, the Earl of Aberdeen, etc., are welcomed by all.

But the exhibition would still prove but a dry one to the public in general, were it not for the every-day the historical, and humorous scenes, taken directly from the life, but arranged often with considerable skill, which give to the collection some of the artistic interest belonging to gallerys of sculpture and of painting. Among the humorous scenes we have three pictures in one frame, entitled "His Country's Hope," "His Country's Pride," "His Country's Care," and we see the stout, handsome farmer's son with a pipe in his mouth, standing between two recruiting officers who are pinning the white cockade and ribbons upon his rustic hat. We see him next in his soldier's uniform, on the field of battle, firing away for dear life, amid masses of cannon and clouds of smoke; and finally we discover him sitting in an arm chair, with doleful face, a nurse binding up his head with a large handkerchief, the army surgeon standing before him with a tray of medicine-bottles and pill-boxes, and another nurse holding a formidable looking wash-bowl.

"Burning weeds in the garden," represents a company of jolly smokers. "Willy you've woke the baby!" tells its own story.

There are many pleasant scenes of every-day life, such as "The Breakfast Table," "Resting on the Style," "Interesting News," "Longing for Home," "The Milkmaid," etc. One of the best is entitled, "Oh Lift me the Veil of the Future," in which an old woman inspecting the dregs of her cup and saucer, is telling the fortune of two young girls, who are anxiously and intently looking on.

Two very fine pictures of an historical character are "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness," in which we see Charles Kean enacting the part of Wolsey; but a still more interesting one is the "Scene in the Tower"—two children are sleeping in the supposed old room, surrounded with the old armor and relics; at the head of the bed stands a crucifix, and around it a group of stern-looking men in armor, one of them holding the torch which illumines the scene, another bending down to look at the children. One buried in thought, seems to wish to save them, while the others are planning their destruction.

The landscape views, though taken from the most romantic scenery in Wales and elsewhere, are not very successful. They are always confused and indistinct, owing to the mass of details entering into so small a space. Nature is too full to bear this mode of representation. It is only successful where but a few objects are taken upon a comparatively large scale. Some of the "Studies of Ferns," "Mill-wheel and brambles," &c., are exceedingly beautiful, and of great use and interest to the student of landscape painting.

The instruments used are the Calotype, the Collodine, the Daguerreotype and the Talbotype. The receiving surfaces are of metal, glass, or waxed paper, but the similarity of process gives to them all a very kindred air.

Experiments are being made now upon a new substance called artificial ivory, which is said to have the strength, fineness of texture and delicacy of surface of the real ivory. It is very durable, and the portraits taken upon it will admit of any amount of coloring and finishing that the artist may wish to add to the original Photograph.

The Count de Montizon, a Spanish nobleman of high birth and an enthusiastic naturalist, is having a complete set of Photographs taken on paper of the large collection of animals and birds at the Zoological Gardens. The lazy and mountainous hippopotamus, the roaring lion, the long-necked giraffe, and the long-legged crane, all are sitting, or rather sleeping or standing, for their interesting portraits, and the greater part of the noisy menagerie are already to be found packed quietly away in a box of a foot square and a few inches in thickness.

DEATH OF MR. BRAHAM.—This veteran singer died on Sunday last. The name is one of which the world has heard little for some years, but which will call up many recollections, and will long live in the memory of Englishmen as the greatest of English singers. It was John Braham who, beyond any other man, excited in this country a knowledge and love of the highest musical art; but the unbounded popularity which he so long enjoyed was derived not so much from the Italian opera, as from the fact that he expressed, in his well-known songs with wonderful force and fire, the national feelings of his time. The immense fortune which has genius and energy had once gained, was lost by unfortunate speculations; but his declining years have been passed in the most cheerful comfort, secured to him by the care of his daughter, Lady Waldegrave. He died unexpectedly, but not unprepared, full of years and of honors.—*London Paper.*

POSTAGE ON SEEDS.—The charge of letter rates of postage on packages of seeds—3 cents per half ounce, instead of book postage—a cent an ounce—or even still more moderate terms—is equally unjust and injurious to the interests of farmers. An instance of this has just come to our notice: *A* in Pennsylvania writes to *B* in this city to send him, for fifty cents inclosed, as much of a particular kind of corn as he can, and prepay the postage on it. The price of the corn being fifty cents a quart, *B* weighs this quantity and finds the postage would be, as market reports say, $1.50@$2. He then tries a pint, half-a-pint, &c., &c., until finally, he is obliged to send *eight cents worth of corn for forty-two cents postage!*—*Country Gentleman.*

EXECUTION OF THE TEN AND THIRTEEN INCH GUNS.—General Count Stackelberg, the Military Member of the Russian Embassy of Vienna, was in Sebastopol when the final bombardment took place, and he states that the southern side must have been evacuated even if the Malakoff Tower had not been taken by storm. According to his account, the cannonade was so terrific and destructive that no earthly power could bear up against it. The ten and thirteen inch guns did such awful execution that 2,500 men, and not 1,500 men, as was said, were put *hors de combat* in the course of each day.

THE LION IN A FIX.

[We take the following interesting sketch from "The Bush Boys; or, The History and Adventures of a Cape Farmer and his Family in the Wild Karoos of Southern Africa," by Captain Mayne Reid—recently published by *Ticknor & Fields, of Boston.*]

They had not proceeded a hundred steps when an object appeared before them that caused all three to draw bridle suddenly and simultaneously. That object was a lion!

He was couched upon the plain directly in the path they intended to take—the very same path by which they had come.

How was it they had not seen him before? He was under the lee of a low bush! but thanks to the leaves, this bush was leafless, and its thin naked twigs formed no concealment for so large a creature as a lion. His tawny hide shone conspicuously through them.

The truth is, he had not been there when the horsemen passed towards the kraal. He had just fled from among the carcasses, on seeing them approach; and had skulked around the walls, and then run to their rear. He had executed this manœuvre to avoid an encounter—for a lion reasons as a man does, though not to the same extent. Seeing the horsemen come that way, his reasoning powers were strong enough to tell him that they were not likely to return by the same path. It was more natural they should continue on. A man, ignorant of all the preceding events connected with their journey, would have reasoned much in the same way. If you have been at all observant, you have seen other animals—such as dogs, deer, hares, or even birds—act just as the lion did on this occasion.

Beyond a doubt, the intellectual process described passed through the mind of this lion; and he had skulked round to shun an encounter with the three travellers.

Now, a lion will not always act so—though he will in five cases out of six, or oftener. Hence very erroneous views are held in relation to the courage of this animal. Some naturalists, led away by what appears to be a feeling of envy or anger, accuse the lion of downright *cowardice*, denying him a single noble quality of all those that have from earliest times been ascribed to him. Others, on the contrary, assert that he knows no fear, either of man or beast; and these endow him with many virtues besides courage. Both parties back up their views, not by mere assertions, but by an ample narration of well-attested facts.

How is this? There is a dilemma here. Both cannot be right in their opinions? And yet, odd as it may appear to say so, both *are* right in a certain sense.

The fact is, *some lions are cowardly, while others are brave.*

The truth of this might be shown by whole pages of facts, but in this little volume we have no room. I think, however, boy-reader, I can satisfy you with an analogy.

Answer me—Do you know any species of animal the individuals of which are exactly alike in character? Think over the dogs *of your acquaintance.* Are they alike, or anything near it? Are not some of them noble, generous, faithful, brave to the death? Are not others mean, sneaking, cowardly curs? So is it with lions.

Now you are satisfied that my statement about the lions may be true.

There are many causes to affect the courage and ferocity of the lion. His age—the state of his stomach—the season of the year—the hour of the day—but above all, *the sort of hunters that belong to the district he inhabits.*

This last fact appears quite natural to those who believe in the *intellect* of animals, which of course I do. It is perfectly natural that the lion, as well as other animals, should soon learn the character of his enemy, and fear him or not, as the case may be. Is this not an old story with us? If I remember aright, we had a talk upon this subject when speaking of the crocodiles of America. We remarked that the alligator of the Mississippi rarely attacks man in modern times; but it has not always been so. The rifle of the alligator-leather hunter has tamed its ferocity. The very *same species* in South America eats Indians by scores every year; and the crocodile of Africa is dreaded in some parts even more than the lion.

It is asserted that the lions of the Cape are more cowardly in some districts than in others. They are less brave in those districts where they have been "jaged" by the courageous and stalwart boor with his long loud-cracking "roer."

Beyond the frontier, where they have no enemy but the tiny arrow of the Bushman (who does not desire to kill them) and the slender "assegai" of the Bechuana, the lion has little or no fear of man.

Whether the one before the eyes of our party was naturally a brave one, could not yet be told. He was one with a huge black mane, or "schwartfore life," as the boers term it; and these are esteemed the fiercest and most dangerous. The "yellow-maned"—for there is considerable variety in the color of the Cape lions—is regarded as possessing less courage; but there is some doubt about the truth of this. The young "black-manes" may often be mistaken for the true yellow variety, and their character ascribed to him to his prejudice—for the swarthy color of the mane only comes after the lion is many years of age.

Whether the "schwart-fore life" was a fierce and brave one, Von Bloom did not stay to think about. It was evident that the edge had been taken off the animal's appetite. It was evident he did not meditate an attack; and that, had the horsemen chosen to make a detour, and ride peacefully away, they might have continued their journey without ever seeing or hearing of him again.

But the field-cornet had no such intention. He had lost his precious oxen and cattle. *That* lion had pulled down some of them, at least. The Dutch blood was up, and if the beast had been the strongest and fiercest of his tribe, he was bound to be brought out of that bush.

Ordering the others to remain where they were, Von Bloom advanced on horseback until within about fifty paces of where the lion lay.—Here he drew up, coolly dismounted, passed the bridle over his arm, stuck his loading-rod into the ground, and knelt down behind it.

You will fancy he would have been safer to have kept his saddle, as the lion cannot overtake a horse. True; but the lion would have been safer too. It is no easy matter to fire correctly from any horse; but when the mark happens to be a grim lion, he is a well-trained steed that will stand sufficiently firm to admit of a true aim. A shot from the saddle under such circumstances is a mere chance shot; and the field-cornet was not in the mood to be satisfied with a chance shot. Laying his roer athwart the loading-rod, and holding the long barrel steady against it, he took deliberate aim through the ivory sights.

During all this time the lion had not stirred. The bush was between him and the hunter; but he could hardly have believed that it sufficed to conceal him. Far from it. His yellow flanks were distinctly visible through the thorny twigs, and his head could be seen, with his muzzle and whiskers stained red with the blood of the oxen.

No—he did not believe himself hid. A slight growl, with one or two shakes of his tail, proved the contrary. He lay still, however, as lions usually do, until more nearly approached. The hunter, as already stated, was fully fifty yards from him.

Excepting the motion of his tail, he made no other till Von Bloom pulled trigger; and then with a scream he sprang several feet into the air. The hunter had been afraid of the twigs causing his bullet to glance off; but it was plain it had told truly, for he saw the fur fly from the side of the lion where it struck him.

It was but a wound; and not deadly, as soon appeared.

With long bounds the angry brute came on, lashing his tail, and showing his fearful teeth. His mane, now on end, seemed to have doubled his size. He looked as large as a bull.

In a few seconds' time he had crossed the distance that separated him from the hunter, but the latter was gone far from that spot. The moment he had delivered his fire, he leaped upon his well-trained horse, and rode off towards the others.

All three were for a short while together—Hendrik holding his yager cocked and ready, while Swartboy grasped his bow and arrows. But the lion dashed forward before either could fire; and they were obliged to spur and gallop out of his way.

Swartboy had ridden to one side, while Von Bloom and Hendrik took the other; and the game was now between the two parties—both of which had pulled up at some distance off.

The lion, after the failure of his charge, halted, and looked first at one, then at the other as if uncertain which to pursue.

His appearance at this moment was terrible beyond expression. His whole fierce nature was roused. His mane stood erect; his tail lashed his flanks; his mouth, widely open, showed the firm-set trenchant teeth, their white spikes contrasting with the red blood that clotted his cheeks and snout, while his angry roaring added horror to his appearance.

But none of the three were terrified out of their senses. Hendrik at this moment covered him with his rifle, took cool aim, and fired; while at the same time Swartboy sent an arrow whistling through the air.

Both had aimed truly. Both bullet and arrow struck; and the shaft of the latter could be seen sticking in the lion's thigh.

The fierce brute, that up to this time had exhibited the most determined courage, now seemed overcome with a sudden fear. Either the arrow or one of the bullets must have sickened him with the combat; for, dropping his mop-like tail to a level with the line of his back, he broke away, and, trotting sulkily forward, sprang in at the door of the kraal.

There was something singular in the lion seeking shelter in so unusual a place; but it showed his sagacity. There was no other cover within convenient distance, and to have reached any bush that would have afforded him concealment, since the passage of the locusts would have been difficult. The mounted hunters could easily have overtaken him, had he attempted to run off. He was aware that the house was uninhabited. He had been prowling around it all night, perhaps within it, and, therefore, knew what sort of place it was.

The brute's instinct was correct. The walls of the house would protect him from the guns of his enemies at a distance; and for these to approach near would be his advantage and their danger.

An odd incident occurred as the lion entered the kraal. There was a large window in one end of the house. Of course it was not glazed—it never had been. A glass window is a rarity in these parts. A strong wooden shutter alone closed it. This was still hanging on its hinges, but in the hurried "fitting" the window had been left open. The door also had been standing ajar. As the lion sprang in at the latter, a string of small, foxy, wolf-like creatures came pouring out through the former, and ran with all their might across the plain. They were jackals.

As it afterward appeared, one of the oxen had been chased into the house by either lions or hyenas, and killed there. His carcass had been overlooked by the larger carnivora, and the cunning jackals had been making a quiet breakfast upon it, when so unceremoniously disturbed.

The entrance of their terrible king in such angry mood, by the door, caused the fox-wolves to beat a quick retreat by the window; and the appearance of the horsemen without had still further frightened these cowardly brutes, so that they ran away from the kraal at top speed, and never halted until they were out of sight.

The three hunters could not restrain a laugh; but their tone was suddenly changed by another incident that happened almost at the same moment.

Von Bloom had brought with him his two fine dogs, to assist in driving back the cattle.

During the short halt the party had made by the spring, these had fastened upon a half-eaten carcass behind the walls; and, being extremely hungry, had stuck to it, even after the horsemen had ridden off. Neither of the dogs had seen the lion until the moment when the savage brute charged forward, and was making for the kraal. The shots, the growling of the lion, and the loud wings of the vultures as they flew off affrighted, told the dogs that something was going on in front, at which they ought to be present; and, forsaking their pleasant meal, both came bounding over the walls.

They reached the open space in front just as the lion leaped into the door; and, without hesitation, the brave, noble animals rushed on, and followed him inside the house.

For some moments there was heard a confused chorus of noises; the barking and worrying of the dogs, the growling and roaring of the lion.—Then a dull sound followed, as of some heavy object dashed against the wall. Then came a mournful howl; another, another; a noise like the cracking of bones; the "purr" of the great brute, with its loud, rough bass—and then a deep silence. The struggle was over. This was evident, as the dogs no longer gave tongue. Most likely they were killed.

The hunters remained watching the door with feelings of intense anxiety. The laugh had died upon their lips, as they listened to those hideous sounds, the signs of the fearful combat. They called their dogs by name. They hoped to see them issue forth, even if wounded. But no—the dogs came not forth; they never came forth—they were dead.

A long-continued silence followed the noise of the conflict. Von Bloom could no longer doubt that his favorite and only dogs had been killed.

Excited by this new misfortune, he almost lost prudence. He was about to rush forward to the door, where he might deliver his fire close to the hated enemy, when a bright idea came into the brain of Swartboy; and the Bushman was heard calling out:

"Baas! Baas! we shut him up! we close da skellum up!"

There was good sense in this suggestion; there was plausibility in it. Von Bloom saw this; and, desisting from his previous intention, he determined to adopt Swartboy's plan.

But how was it to be executed? The door still hung upon its hinges, as also the window-shutter. If they could only get hold of these, and shut them fast, they would have the lion secure, and might destroy him at their leisure.

But how to shut either door or window in safety? That was the difficulty that now presented itself.

Should they approach either, the lion would be certain to see them from within; and, enraged as he now was, would be sure to spring upon them. Even if they approached on horseback to effect their purpose, they would not be much safer.—The horses would not stand quiet while they stretched out to lay hold of latch or handle. All three of the animals were already dancing with excitement. They knew the lion was inside, an occasional growl announced his presence there; they would not approach either door or window with sufficient coolness; and their stamping and snorting would have the effect of bringing the angry beast out upon them.

It was clear, then, that to shut either door or window would be an operation of great danger. So long as the horsemen were in open ground, and at some distance from the lion, they had no cause to fear; but should they approach near and get entangled among the walls, some one of them would be most likely to fall a victim to the ferocious brute.

Low as may be the standard of a Bushman's intellect, there is a species peculiar to him in which he appears to excel. In all matters of huntercraft, his intelligence, or instinct you might almost call it, is quite a match for the more highly-developed mind of the Caucasian. This arises, no doubt, from the keen and frequent exercise of those particular faculties—keen and frequent because his very existence often depends on their successful employment.

Huge, ill-shapen head that Swartboy carried on his shoulders, there was an ample stock of brains in it; and a life of keen endeavor to keep his stomach supplied had taught him their exercise. At that moment Swartboy's brains came to the relief of the party.

"Baas!" he said, endeavoring to restrain the impatience of his master, "vyacht um bige, mein baas! Leave it to da ole Bushy to close da door. He do it."

"How?" inquired Von Bloom.

"Vyacht um bige, mein baas! no long to wait—you see."

All three had ridden up together within less than a hundred yards of the kraal. Von Bloom and Hendrik sat silent, and watched the proceedings of the Bushman.

The latter drew from his pocket a clue of small cord, and, having carefully uncoiled it, attached one end to an arrow. He then rode up to within thirty yards of the house, and dismounted, not directly opposite the entrance, but a little to the one side, so that the face of the wooden door, which was fortunately but three-quarters open, was thus fair before him. Keeping the bridle over his arm, he now bent his bow, and sent the arrow into the woodwork of the door. There it was, sticking near the edge, and just under the latch.

As soon as Swartboy delivered the shaft, he had leaped back into his saddle, to be ready for retreat in case the lion should charge out. He still, however, kept hold of the string, one end of which was attached to the arrow.

The "thud" of the arrow, as it struck the door, had drawn the attention of the lion. Of course none of them saw him, but his angry growl told them that it was so. He did not show himself, however, and was again silent.

Swartboy now drew the string taut; first felt it with a steady pull; and then, satisfied of its strength, gave it a stronger jerk, and brought the door to. The latch acted beautifully, and the door remained shut even after the strain was taken off the cord.

To have opened the door now, the lion must have had the sagacity to lift the latch, or else must have broken through the thick, strong planks—neither of which things was to be feared.

But the window still remained open, and through it the lion could easily leap out. Swartboy, of course, designed closing it in the same manner as he had done the door.

But now arose a particular danger. He had only one piece of cord. That was attached to the arrow that still stuck fast. How was he to detach and get possession of it?

There appeared to be no other way but by going up to the door and cutting it from the shaft. In this lay the danger; for, should the lion perceive him and rush out by the window, it would be all over with the Bushman.

Like most of his race, Swartboy was more cunning than brave—though he was far from being a coward. Still, he was by no means inclined at that moment to go up to the door of the kraal.

THE LION IN A FIX.

The angry growls from within would have made a stouter heart than Swartboy's quail with fear.

In this dilemma Hendrik came to his relief. Hendrik had conceived a way of getting possession of the string, without going near the door.

Calling to Swartboy to be on his guard, he rode within thirty yards of the entrance, but on the other side from where Swartboy was, and there halted. At the place there stood a post with several forks upon it, that had been used as a bridle-post.

Hendrik dismounted, hooked his rein over one of these forks, rested his yager across another, and then, sighting the shaft of the arrow, pulled trigger. The rifle cracked, the broken stick was seen to fly out from the door, and the string was set free.

All were ready to gallop off; but the lion, although he growled fiercely on hearing the shot, still lay close.

Swartboy now drew in the string; and, having adjusted it to a fresh arrow, moved round so as to command a view of the window. In a few minutes the shaft had cut through the air and stuck deep into the yielding wood, and then the shutter swung round on its hinges, and was drawn close.

All three now dismounted, ran silently and rapidly up, and secured both door and shutter with strong rheims of raw-hide.

Hurra! the lion was caged!

Yes, the fierce brute was fairly in the trap. The three hunters breathed freely.

But how was the affair to end? Both door and window-shutter fitted strongly and closely; and, although it was possible to glance through the chinks, nothing could be seen inside—since, both being shut, it was quite dark within.

Even could the lion have been seen, there was no hole through which to thrust the muzzle of a gun and fire at him. He was just as safe as his captors; and, so long as the door remained closed, they could do him no more harm than he could them.

They might leave him shut up, and let him starve. He could live for a while upon what the jackals had left, with the carcasses of the two dogs; but that would not sustain him long, and in the end he would have to give up and miserably perish. After all, this did not seem so certain to Von Bloom and his companions. Finding that he was caged in earnest, the brute might attack the door, and with his sharp claws and teeth manage to cut his way through.

But the angry field-cornet had not the slightest intention of leaving the lion such a chance. He was determined to destroy the beast, before leaving the ground; and he now set to thinking how this could be accomplished in the speediest and most effectual manner.

At first he thought of cutting a hole in the door with his knife, large enough to see through and admit the barrel of his roer. Should he not succeed in getting a view of the beast through that one, he would make another in the window-shutter. The two being on adjacent sides of the house, would give him the command of the whole interior—for the former dwelling of the field-cornet comprised only a single apartment. During his residence there, there had been two, thanks to a partition of zebra-skins; but these had been removed, and all was now in one room.

At first Von Bloom could think of no other plan to get at the enemy, and yet this one did not quite please him. It was safe enough, and, if carried out, could only end in the death of the lion.

A hole in both door and window-shutter would enable them to fire at the brute as many bullets as they pleased, while they would be quite secure from his attack. But the *time* that would be required to cut these holes—that was why the plan did not please the field-cornet. He and his party had no time to spare: their horses were weak with hunger, and a long journey lay before them ere a morsel could be obtained. No,—the time could not be spared for making a breach. Some more expeditious mode of attack must be devised.

"Father," said Hendrik, "suppose we set the house on fire?"

Good. The suggestion was a good one. Von Bloom cast his eyes up to the roof—a sloping structure, with long eaves. It consisted of heavy beams of dry wood, with rafters and laths, and all covered over with a thatch of rushes, a foot in thickness. It would make a tremendous blaze, and the smoke would be likely enough to suffocate the lion even before the blaze could get at him.

The suggestion of Hendrik was adopted. They prepared to fire the house.

There was still a large quantity of rubbish,—the collected firewood, which the locusts had not devoured. This would enable them to carry out their purpose; and all three immediately set about hauling it up, and piling it against the door.

One might almost have fancied that the lion had fathomed their design; for, although he had been for a long while quite silent, he now commenced a fresh spell of roaring. Perhaps the noise of the logs, striking against the door outside, had set him at it; and, finding himself thus shut up and baited, he had grown impatient. What he had sought as a *shelter* had been turned into a *trap*, and he was now anxious to get out of it.

This was evident by the demonstrations he began to make. They could hear him rushing about—passing from door to window—striking both with his huge paws, and causing them to shake upon their hinges—all the while uttering the most fiendish roars.

Though not without some apprehensions, the three continued their work. They had their horses at hand, ready to be mounted in case the lion might make his way through the fire. In fact, they intended to take to their saddles, as soon as the fire should be fairly under way, and watch the conflagration from a safe distance.

They had dragged up all the bush and dry wood, and had piled them in front of the door. Swartboy had taken out his flint and steel, and was about to strike, when a loud scratching was heard from the inside, unlike anything that had yet reached their ears. It was the rattling of the lion's claws against the wall, but it had an odd sound, as if the animal was struggling violently; at the same time his voice seemed hoarse and smothered, and appeared to come from a distance.

What was the brute doing?

They stood, for a moment, looking anxiously in each other's faces. The scratching continued—the hoarse growling at intervals—but this ended at length; and then came a snort, followed by a roar so loud and clear, that all three started in affright. They could not believe that walls were between them and their dangerous enemy.

Again echoed that horrid cry. Great Heaven! It proceeded no longer from the inside—it came from above them!

Was the lion upon the roof?

All three rushed backward a step or two, and looked up. A sight was before them that rendered them almost speechless with surprise and terror.

Above the funnel of the chimney appeared the head of the lion; his glaring yellow eyes and white teeth showing more fearful from contrast with the black soot that begrimmed him. He was dragging his body up. One foot was already above the cap-stone; and with this and his teeth he was widening the aperture around him.

It was a terrible sight to behold—at least to those below.

As already stated, they *were* alarmed; and would have taken to their horses, had they not perceived that the animal was *stuck fast!*

It was evident that this was the case, but it was equally evident that in a few moments he would succeed in clearing himself from the chimney. His teeth and claws were hard at work, and the stones and mortar were flying in all directions. The funnel would soon be down below his broad chest, and then ——

Von Bloom did not stay to think what then. He and Hendrik, guns in hand, ran up near the bottom of the wall. The chimney was but a score of feet in height; the long roer was pointed upward, reaching nearly half that distance. The yager was also aimed. Both cracked together. The lion's eyes suddenly closed, his head shook convulsively, his paw dropped loose over the capstone, his jaws fell open, and blood trickled down his tongue. In a few moments he was dead!

This was apparent to every one. But Swartboy was not satisfied until he had discharged about a score of his arrows at the head of the animal, causing it to assume the appearance of a porcupine.

So tightly had the huge beast wedged himself, that even after death he still remained in his singular situation.

Under other circumstances he would have been dragged down for the sake of his skin. But there was no time to spare for skinning him; and without further delay Von Bloom and his companions mounted their horses and rode off.

As they rode back they conversed about lions, to beguile the time. All of them knew something about these animals. But Swartboy, who had been born and brought up in the bush, in the very midst of their haunts, as it were, of course was well acquainted with their habits—aye, far better than Monsieur Buffon himself.

To describe the personal appearance of a lion, would be to waste words. Every one who can read must know the lion by sight, either from having seen one in a zoological collection, or the stuffed skin of one in a museum. Every one knows the form of the animal, and his great shaggy mane. Every one knows, moreover, that the female is without this appendage, and in shape and size differs considerably from the male.

Though there are no two *species* of lions, there are what are termed *varieties*; but these differ very little from each other—far less than the varieties of most other animals.

There are seven acknowledged varieties. The Barbary lion, the lion of Senegal, the Indian lion, the Persian, the yellow Cape, the black Cape, and the maneless lion.

The difference among these animals is not so great but that at a glance any one may tell they were all of one species and kind. The Persian variety is rather smaller than the others; the Barbary is of darker brown and heavily maned; the lion of Senegal is of light shining yellow color, and thinly maned; while the maneless lion, as its name imports, is without this appendage. The existence of the last species is doubted by some naturalists. It is said to be found in Syria.

The two Cape lions differ principally in the color of the mane. In the one it is black or dark brown; in the other, of a tawny yellow, like the rest of the body.

Of all lions, those of South Africa are perhaps the largest, and the black variety the most fierce and dangerous.

Lions inhabit the whole continent of Africa, and the southern countries of Asia. They were once common in parts of Europe, where they exist no longer. There are no lions in America. The animal known in Spanish-American countries as the lion (*leon*) is the cougar or puma (*Felis concolor*), which is not one-third the lion's size, and resembles the king of beasts only in being of the same tawny color. The puma is not unlike a lion's cub six months old.

Africa is peculiarly the country of the lion. He is found throughout the whole extent of that continent—excepting, of course, a few thickly-inhabited spots, from which he has been expelled by man.

The lion has been called the "king of the forest." This appears to be a misnomer. He is not properly a *forest* animal. He cannot climb trees, and therefore in the forest would less easily procure his food than in the open plain. The panther, the leopard, the jaguar, are all tree-climbers. They can follow the bird to its roost and the monkey to its perch. The forest is their appropriate home. They are forest animals. Not so the lion. It is upon the open plains, where the great ruminants love to roam, and among the low bushy thickets that skirt them, that the lion affects to dwell.

He lives upon flesh—the flesh of many kinds of animals, though he has his favorites, according to the country in which he is found. He kills these animals for himself. The story of the jackal being his "provider"—killing them for him—is not true. More often he himself provides the skulking jackals with a meal. Hence their being often seen in his company—which they keep in order to pick up his "crumbs."

The lion "butchers" for himself, though he will not object to have it done for him; and will take away their game from wolf, jackal, or hyena—from the hunter, if he can.

The lion is not a fast runner—none of the true *felidæ* are. Nearly all the ruminant animals can outrun him. How, then, does he capture them?

By stratagem, by the suddenness of his attack, and by the length and velocity of his bound. He lies in wait, or steals upon them. He springs from his crouching place. His peculiar anatomical structure enables him to spring to an immense distance—in fact, to an almost incredible distance. Sixteen paces have been alleged by writers, who say they were eye-witnesses, and carefully measured the leap!

Should he fail to capture his prey at the first bound, the lion follows it no further, but turns and trots away in an opposite direction.

Sometimes, however, the intended victim tempts him to a second spring, and even a third; but failing then, he is sure to give up the pursuit.

The lion is not gregarious, although as many as ten or a dozen are often seen together. They hunt in company at times, and drive the game towards one another.

They attack and destroy all other species of animals that inhabit the country around them—even the strong, heavy rhinoceros is not feared by them, though the latter frequently foils and conquers them. Young elephants sometimes become their prey. The fierce buffalo, the giraffe, the oryx, the huge eland, and the eccentric gnoo, all have to succumb to their superior strength and armature.

But they are not universally victorious over these animals. Sometimes they are vanquished by one or other of them, and in turn become victims. Sometime both combatants leave their bodies upon the scene of the struggle.

The lion is not hunted as a profession. His spoils are worthless. His skin sells for but little, and he yields no other trophy of any value. As hunting him is attended with great danger, and the hunter, as already stated, may avoid him if he wishes, but few lions would be destroyed, were it not for a certain offensive habit to which they are addicted—that of robbing the vee-boor of his horses and his cattle. This brings a new passion into play—the vengeance of the farmer; and, with such a motive to urge on the hunt, the lion in some parts is chased with great zeal and assiduity.

But where there are no cattle-farms no such motive exists; and there but little interest is felt in the chase of this animal. Nay, what is still stranger, the Bushmen and other poor wandering tribes do not kill the lion at all, or very seldom. They do not regard him with feelings of hostility. The lion acts towards *them* as a "provider."

Hendrik, who had heard of this, asked Swartboy if it was true. The Bushman answered at once in the affirmative. His people, he said, were in the habit of watching the lion, or following his spoor, until they came upon either himself or the quarry he had killed. Sometimes the vultures guided them to it. When the "tao" chanced to be on the spot, or had not yet finished his meal, his trackers would wait until he had taken his departure, after which they would steal up and appropriate what remained of the spoil. Often this would be the half, or perhaps three parts, of some large animal, which they might have found a difficulty in killing for themselves.

Knowing the lion will rarely attack them, the Bushmen are not much afraid of these animals. On the contrary, they rather rejoice at seeing them numerous in their district, as they are then provided with hunters able to *furnish* them with food.

TRAITS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—The power which animals as well as men possess, of conforming themselves to new situations, and forming new habits adapted to new circumstances, is a proof of a capability of improvement. The wild dogs in the plains of La Plata, burrow, because there is no security for them above ground against stronger beasts of prey. In the same country owls make their nests in the ground, because there are neither trees nor buildings to afford them concealment. A clergyman in Iceland, by sowing angelica upon a lake-island some miles from the sea, not only attracted gulls and wild ducks to breed there, but brought about an alliance between those birds, who are not upon neighborly terms elsewhere. Both perceived that the new plants afforded better shelter from the wind and rain than anything which they had seen before; there was room enough for both; and neighborhood produced so much good-will, that the gulls protected the weaker birds not only against the ravens, who are common enemies, but against another species of gull also which attacks the duck's nest.

A change more remarkable than either of these, is that which the common hearth-cricket has undergone in its very constitution as well as in all its ways of life, since men built houses and inhabited cold climates. The field-cricket in North America, which buries itself during the winter ten inches deep, and there lies torpid, began about a hundred years ago to avail itself of the work of man and take up its abode in the chimneys. This insect even likes man for a bedfellow, not with any such felonious intentions as are put in execution by smaller and viler vermin, but for the sake of warmth. The Swedish traveller, Kalm, says that when he and his companions were forced to sleep in uninhabited places, the crickets got into the folds of their garments, so that they were obliged to make some stay every morning, and search carefully before they could get rid of them.

Two species of swallows have domesticated themselves with man. We have only that which builds under the eaves in England, but in North America they have both the house swallow and the chimney swallow; the chimneys not being made use of in summer, they take possession, and keep it sometimes in spite of the smoke, if the fire is not very great. Each feather in this bird's tail ends in a stiff point, like the end of an awl; they apply the tail to the side of the wall, and it assists in keeping them up, while they hold on with their feet. "They make a great thundering noise all day long by flying up and down in the chimneys." Now as the Indians had not so much as a hearth made of masonry, it is an obvious question, says Kalm, where did these swallows build before the Europeans came, and erected houses with chimneys? Probably, it is supposed, in hollow trees, but certainly where they could; and it is thus shown that they took the first opportunity of improving their condition.

☞ A lady of fashion stepped into a shop not long since, and asked the keeper if he had any *matrimonial baskets*, she being too polite to say *cradles*.

☞ It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate, says Dryden; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.

Life in Paris.

OPENING OF OLIVE-BLOSSOMS—A FRENCHWOMAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE—A HERO'S BIRTH-DAY—A SINGULAR BEDROOM—MONEY AND MANNERS—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—COUNTESS LITTLE-SKIN—A WANDERING STAR, AND A SETTING ONE.

PARIS, Feb. 28, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Turkish Plenipotentiaries having reached this city on Saturday last, the Conferences began on Monday; when an armistice of three months was agreed upon for the land forces; the maritime blockades remaining meanwhile in *statu quo*. The Plenipotentiaries will meet but thrice a week, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and they are pledged to the most absolute secrecy, leaving the results of their deliberations to be announced as arrived at, by the official journals of their respective Governments. As Russia is understood to have already tacitly accepted the stipulations of the Allies with regard to Bomarsund and Nicolaieff, it is believed that no serious obstacle now exists to the peace which all are so anxious to obtain if it can be placed on a satisfactory basis.

After peace shall have been signed, it is thought here that Prussia will be admitted to the second series of Conferences in which various questions relative to the interest and equilibrium of Europe will be submitted to the deliberations of all the great European powers, among which Turkey is now definitely admitted.

The thirty articles of the new *hatti-scherrif* which is about to confer civil and religious equality on all the subjects of the Porte are too long for enumeration here. Suffice it to say that they are regarded with unmixed satisfaction in Europe, and open a new era of justice and prosperity to the Ottoman Empire.

The Turkish Ambassadors have brought with them some magnificent presents from the Sultan to his allies. Among them are twelve superb Arab horses, and a sword, the hilt of which is encrusted with diamonds of enormous value for the Emperor. Two diadems, set with diamonds of equal value, and destined for Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie, are also mentioned as among these gifts.

The *Constitutionnel*, of this city, publishes some extracts from a letter just received from a French lady in Constantinople, who was present at the ball at the French Embassy mentioned in my last as having been honored by the presence of the Sultan. She says: "When I arrived, at half-past eight, the Sultan had already been there for an hour, having reached the palace at the primitive hour of half-past seven; but he was still in the retiring-room that had been fitted up for him. At half-past eight he entered the ball-room, and took his place on the throne that had been prepared in his honor. He wore a black coat, very tight round the waist, just of the shape worn in Paris; and above this the White Mantle of the Prophet, the collar and sleeves of which were embroidered with magnificent diamonds. His Highness regarded us with great attention, and watched the performance of a quadrille and a waltz in front of the throne (in which I had the honor of figuring,) without taking his eyes from us. But his face lacks expression, and it was difficult to say what effect the novel scene produced on his mind. The great people of his suite were covered with gold, seemed excessively delighted with the scene, and looked at the ladies through their opera glasses exactly like so many Parisians. Most of them remained until the end of the ball, though the Sultan retired at ten o'clock, amidst the booming of cannon, and blazing of innumerable Bengal lights. What amused me most, however, was the presence of a very grand personage, almost the first in the Empire, since he always walks on the right hand of the Sultan; I mean the chief of the Eunuchs, a hideous old black fellow, whom we were greatly amazed at seeing on such an occasion. I think I never saw an uglier creature. Just as I was talking about him to the wife of his dragoman, up comes this important personage in company with a superior officer of our army, a friend of mine, who at once introduced me to him, whereupon I made him one of my best curtseys, and he immediately asked my friend 'if I were his wife?'—who, loving a joke, replied that I was; and the black dignitary laughed, and cried '*Bono!*' showing all his white teeth. For the rest of the evening he kept near me, and whenever he passed me, he would cry out '*bono! bono!*' which seems to constitute the greater part of his conversational stock. Thanks to this little incident, I hope I am in a fair way to get an invitation to the *fete* which it is said the Sultan will offer to the Allies in this city; though such a proceeding would be so miraculous an inroad on Turkish etiquette, that we can hardly believe it will really take place."

The annual ball given by the Americans here on Washington's birthday, was unusually brilliant. The rooms were magnificently decorated, and thronged by crowds of elegant guests, among whom were all the public officers of the Government, and the members of all the Foreign Legations in this city. Portraits of Washington, President Pierce, and the Emperor and Empress of the French were hung in the ball-room. I am assured, on excellent authority, that some of the ladies present wore three crinolines, one above the other, as a basis for the many muslin ones worn above these; one lady confessing to as many as eleven of the latter! But I have so frequently alluded to the distressing virulence of the petticoat mania, that I spare your readers any further comments on the subject; as also the manifold complaints of "want of room" on the part of the dancers, and of those who would fain have promenaded the rooms if they could have done so; and merely append, for the edification of your lady readers, a brief description of one or two of the most elegant toilettes. Imagine, then, oh! ye who are not indifferent to the adventitious aids with which ye are wont to enhance your personal charms, a vaporous-looking robe composed of four skirts of white crape—each shorter than the one below it—the edges being trimmed with garlands of green ivy-leaves, powdered over with gold dust. These garlands, running contrary ways on the different skirts, were interlaced in the most graceful windings, and fell in long wreaths over the front of the skirts. The corsage of this very beautiful dress was trimmed with similar wreaths; and the head-dress was composed of the same classical and brilliant foliage, in the midst of which were bunches of ivy-berries composed of diamonds.

Another dress conspicuous for its elegance was of a skirt of white *moire antique*, with an upper skirt of white illusion gathered all over into puffs, each of which were fastened into place with a sprig of heather-buds, beautifully imitated in pink coral, half-buried in natural foliage. The head-dress was composed of a garland of the same, encircling the head, and falling low down at the back of the neck.

A third dress, which for the beauty of its effect may merit a passing mention, was made of a silk of the new style called *drogue*, the white ground of which was strewed over with bunches of flowers in gold. The corsage was trimmed with bows of gold blonde, attached with bunches of small wild cherries, red and black. The head-dress consisted of a net of gold braid, encircled with a garland of the same red and black fruit, with natural foliage.

Despite the crowding the dancing went on with great animation, and was kept up far into "the small hours" of the morning.

The Parisians are never tired of getting up stories about "eccentric foreigners." As the opening of the Conferences, has caused a temporary lull in the newsmongering that has been so rife upon the subject for the last few weeks, their inventive talent is for the present actively engaged in this species of production.

Among these specimens of contemporaneous biography is one about a foreigner of high rank, who has caused his bed-room to be fitted up in a very extraordinary manner. The room in question is entirely hung with crimson damask; walls, doors, and ceiling. The windows are covered with a variety of creeping plants, whose foliage, inextricably intertwined, is blended with masses of flowers. But the extraordinary fitting up of this room becomes apparent only on a nearer survey. Strong bars of iron, hidden by the carpet and hangings are inserted, in every direction, into the walls, floor, and ceiling. The doors are provided with sliding duplicates of iron, moved in and out of the walls by springs; and the plants that cover the windows are of iron also, and serve the purpose of a grating. The tenant of this strong-hold, or rather strong box, is possessed with a passion for diamonds which amounts to something like a mania, and is so much afraid that some dark night he may be robbed of his treasures, that he has hit upon this peculiar mode of ensuring their safety.

Another of these stories has for its hero a bachelor-millionaire from the United States, who made his first appearance in the gay world of Paris a few evenings ago, at a soiree given by a grand lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, where he was of course the object of a good deal of attention on the part of certain mammas who have more daughters to dispose of than dowries to give them. One of these, the Baroness B——, to whom the American Cræsus had been introduced, questioned him with regard to the adventures and mis-adventures that have befallen Mademoiselle Rachel in her late descent among the people of the New World. Her daughter, a handsome and witty young lady, who was standing beside her mother, joined in the conversation, and ventured some pleasantry with regard to "the great tragedian being lost like Ovid among the Sarmatians," when the American suddenly interrupted her by saying, as he pointed to the carpet at her feet—"*Miss, you have dropped your pocket-handkerchief.*"

In general the quizzing of the Parisians is principally directed against their English visitors; and nothing is too absurd to be invented and believed about the astounding deeds of "milords" afflicted with the "national mania" of betting and boxing, and "miladis," who are always the victims of a constitutional tendency to superhuman haughtiness, erysipelas of the face, sentimentality, and violent scolding, principally of their maids. Just now they have set afloat a nice little story about "an English spinster whom we will call Miss Cuddy," and who is described as "a tiresome, ugly old creature of forty, who has in reality but one hundred pounds sterling per annum between her and starvation," but who has contrived to get herself invited, petted, caressed, and laden with bouquets, *bon-bons*, tickets for concerts, and elegant presents by an army of affectionate mammas, aunts, sisters, and nieces of bachelors of a certain age, by whom she has adroitly allowed it to be believed that she is purposely hiding her immense wealth under an assumed appearance of poverty, in the romantic hope of finding some congenial soul who will realize her heart's young dream by loving her "for herself alone;" and whose disinterested affection (when discovered) she would straightway reward with the bestowal of her hand and her millions. But the hypothetical nature of the latter having been sufficiently demonstrated to some of those "disinterested" friends, the whole circle of "Miss Cuddy's" former adorers are crying out loudly against the wicked imposition thus practised on their "generosity," and are thanking Heaven with uplifted hands for the narrow escape of the equally generous and disinterested relatives whom this "designing monster" had come so near victimizing.

But just now, for a wonder, most of the gossip of the moment is directed against themselves; as, for instance, among other little romancing of a similar character, the history of the way in which the Countess D——, "still so handsome, in spite of her fifty winters," became possessed of the whimsical nickname of "Little-skin," by which she is now designated among her "dear five hundred" particular friends. According to the legend now being transmitted from one to another upon this subject, it seems that the fair Countess, being lately in the environs of Paris, took the evening train for Lille, whither she was going in order to be present at the wedding of one of her relatives in that city. On entering the railway-carriage, she found all the other places occupied by people wrapped up in furs, mantels, and veils, and apparently fast asleep. So she installed herself in the corner, and the train went off. In about an hour, being unable to sleep, the Countess took from her travelling-bag a small mirror, and having made a careful survey of her neighbors, and assured herself, as she thought, that they were safe in the land of dreams, she began to contemplate herself in her mirror with evident satisfaction; and then, having finished this general examination, she drew forth from the same bag a pot of some sort of cosmetic, with which she carefully rubbed her face, saying aloud as she began the operation, "We must take good care of this little skin!" and unconsciously repeating the exclamation every time she plunged her forefinger into the aforesaid pot, to the intense enjoyment of three or four of her most intimate friends, who were also *en route* for the wedding, and who were wide awake and almost bursting with suppressed laughter, though pretending to be fast asleep. Arrived at Lille, the travellers emerged from their veils, wrappers, and overcoats, and a general recognition took place; but of course nothing was said about the cosmetic or the soliloquy, and Madame D—— flattered herself that her operations of the previous night had escaped observation in the general somnolence of the party. But the story was too good to be lost; and ever since that unlucky evening, Madame D—— has gone by the appellation she had so unwittingly brought upon herself.

Mademoiselle Rachel reached Havre two days ago; and is probably by this time in her comfortable and elegant hotel in this city, which she is no doubt sorry enough to have left on the ill-advised and ill-starred expedition from which she is now returned.

Henri Heine, the well-known German poet and romancer, who has inhabited Paris for so many years, and was in the habit of translating his own works into the language of his adopted country, is just dead here, after a painful illness of many years.

QUANTUM.

MACAULAY.

INVESTIGATION.

Air—"The Rose that All are Praising."

The spirits are a-knocking,
The good, the bad, and all;
The people, they are flocking
At every wizard's call.
"We should inquire—investigate,
Be open-minded!"—so they prate.
In-ves-ti-gation—gation,
Oh, that's the word of late!

A chicken, that had warning
To look not in the well,
Its mother's mandate scorning,
Flew up, peeped in, and fell!
'Twas drowned, 'tis true—a sorry fate,
But chickens must "investigate."
In-ves-ti-gation—gation,
Oh, that's the word of late!

His meat and self, reflected,
The dog saw in the lake;
He plunged, the cheat detected,
But lost his precious steak.
The mystery of its imaged mate
He did, indeed, "investigate."
In-ves-ti-gation—gation,
Oh, that's the word of late!

Around a candle flying,
The moth in flame is wrapt;
Around a morsel prying,
The cautious mouse is trapt.
The luring light, the fatal bait,
Why should they not "investigate?"
In-ves-ti-gation—gation,
Oh, that's the word of late!

The tree of knowledge evil—
"Taste it—ye shall not die;
'Tis wisdom," saith the devil,
And man believed the lie.
The fruit was fair as yellow gold;
Man should "investigate," be bold!
In-ves-ti-gation—gation,
That was the word of old!

—*New York Independent.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CELEBRATED PICTURE.

A gentleman, one day, walked into the shop of a Jew picture-dealer; it might have been in Wardour Street, but I am not sure on that point. The place was filled with pictures of all shapes and sizes, and of every degree of age, quality and value. There were some that seemed fit to take a place in the cabinet of a *connoisseur*; others that merited no higher place than the smoke-begrimed walls of a tavern. In fact, there were pictures for all customers. They were placed on cabinets, arranged against chairs, hung on the walls, and were even littered about the floor.

Isaacs, you may be sure, was glad to see a customer. As the gentleman entered he rubbed his hands, and chuckled with hopeful satisfaction.

"Humph, ha!" said the visitor, looking about him; "you appear to have a pretty extensive collection at present, Mr. Isaacs?"

"Ah—yes; very, sir,—very extensive collection. Some fine pictures, sir; fine pictures."

"Humph, no doubt, Mr. Isaacs, no doubt; but I can't say I discover any gems among them exactly. Let me see." Here the gentleman paused and fixed his gaze, with marked attention, upon a large picture which covered nearly half of the wall. Isaacs saw at once, that it had caught his fancy, and exclaimed—

"Ah, that's a fine picture, now; a perfect gem that is."

"How much do you want for it, Mr. Isaacs?"

"Well, I will take seven hundred pounds for that picture; seven hundred pounds, not a penny less."

"Seven hundred pounds!" said the gentleman, in a slow and deliberate tone of amazement; "what nonsense you do talk, Mr. Isaacs. Why, what is the picture?"

"What is the picture?" said Isaacs; "it's the Roman Emperors; the finest picture I've got in my shop."

"But why do you set such a value upon it, Mr. Isaacs? Who painted it?"

"Ah! I don't know who painted it. I know nothing about that; but it's a fine picture; quite a gem."

"Very likely, but your price is out of the question. Why, Mr. Isaacs, you astonish me: to ask seven hundred pounds for a picture, that you know nothing about."

Isaacs replied by insisting that it was a gem for all that.

"Well; but you will make some reduction in seven hundred pounds, Mr. Isaacs?"

"Reduction, eh? ah, well, yes, I will. I will say to you six hundred pounds; there!"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Isaacs. You don't suppose that I am a fool. Six hundred pounds, man; say sixty at once."

"Sixty! sixty pounds for the Roman Emperors!" screamed Isaacs, "no, no, no; s'help me, no; oh, Lord, no! no, you're joking, surely. Oh, no, s'help me." The little Jew seemed horror-struck at the bare idea of sixty pounds for the Roman Emperors, and threw up his hands, and turned up his eyes in a frightful way.

"Well; but you will surely make some abatement on six hundred pounds, Mr. Isaacs; some abatement?" said the stranger.

"Ah! *some* abatement; yes, may be; *some* abatement; that is another thing. I will say to you—five hundred pounds, there now—five hundred pounds for the Roman Emperors."

"Oh, no, Isaacs; hundreds are out of the question. Name a reasonable sum, and I may deal with you."

"Reasonable sum!" said Isaacs, in an injured tone, "I say a reasonable sum. Five hundred pounds is a—"

"Now don't talk about five hundred pounds."

"Well, say four hundred."

"Nonsense!"

"Say three hundred; there, three hundred pounds for the Roman Emperors, not a farthing less! no, s'help me!"

"No, Isaacs; it is quite out of the question. We shall not do business to-day, I see. There is nothing else here that I care about, so I shall wish you a good-morning."

The gentleman left the shop; but he had scarcely reached the next turning, when Isaacs overtook him, and laying his thin, wiry hand on his arm, said—

"There, you may have it for fifty pounds."

"Ridiculous, Mr. Isaacs," said the stranger. "Quite out of the question. I shan't give fifty pounds for the rubbish. Fifty pounds, pooh, nonsense!"

"Ah, well," exclaimed the Jew, with a sigh, "I can't take less than fifty; no, s'help me;" and he returned to his shop, while the gentleman proceeded on his way.

About a week after, another gentleman presented himself at Isaacs' shop.

"Good-morning, Mr. Isaacs. I see you have the usual collection of rubbish—ha! ha!"

It sometimes suited Mr. Isaacs to humor his customers, so he echoed the strangers "ha! ha!" and said, "very good, very good."

After looking round the shop for some time, the visitor at last turned his gaze upon the huge picture, which covered half the wall.

"What's this you have here, Mr. Isaacs?" he inquired, in a careless tone. "There's quantity, at any rate, if there is not much quality about it."

"Ha! ha! very good," said Isaacs, chuckling; "there is quantity there, if you like. But, would you believe me? a gentleman offered me fifty pounds the other day for that picture. Fifty pounds he offered me, and counted out the money. But, no; I had not the conscience to take it. No, s'help me."

"Ah, you are an honest man, Mr. Isaacs. I esteem you for that. Fifty pounds! Why the picture is not worth half that."

"Ah, yes, it is," said Isaacs, "quite worth the half of that. Oh, yes, s'help me."

"Oh, no, Isaacs, nothing of the kind. I wouldn't give more than ten pounds for it. It is only fit to hang up in the hall."

"Eh, what?" said the Jew. "How much will you give? Say fifteen pounds."

"No; decidedly not."

"Well, say ten; you shall have it for ten pounds. I should like you to have that picture—it's a fine picture, mind; and worth double the money—double the money."

"Fine picture, nonsense! it's a great lumbering piece of rubbish. I tell you what, Mr. Isaacs, I wouldn't have it at a gift."

"Eh, what? Not have that picture at a gift. Oh, Lord, hear him! s'help me."

The gentleman said good-morning, and left; but Isaacs was too indignant to take any notice of his valedictions.

Time passed, and Isaacs' stock had undergone several changes, the "Roman Emperors," however, still continuing to occupy its old place; when one day a well-known customer entered the shop, and informed the dealer that he was in want of a large picture; any rubbish would do, so as it was cheap, to cover a space on his dining-room wall, where the paper had been damaged by the damp.

"You see, Isaacs," he said, "I don't want to go to the expense of papering my dining-room just now, and I want something large and cheap to hide an ugly mark on the wall."

"I can suit you to a hair's breadth, I warrant," said Isaacs. "You may have the Roman Emperors there for five pounds. The frame is worth all the money."

"Five pounds!" said the visitor; "oh dear, no, Mr. Isaacs, I could paper my room for that. The picture is large enough, in fact, just the size; but I want something cheap; something cheap, Mr. Isaacs."

"Father Abraham!" exclaimed the Jew; "what would the man have? I've been offered fifty pounds for that picture, and now I will take five!"

"Well, I can't help that, Mr. Isaacs; you know what I want, and if you've got anything about three pounds ten that's large enough, I shall be glad. But I want it at once."

"That's the only picture I have that will suit you," said the Jew; "but I can't take less than five pounds, no, s'help me; not a farthing."

"Well, there's no harm done, Isaacs. Good day; dare say I shall find what I want; good day."

"Hi! sir, stop!" cried Isaacs, as the gentleman was stepping into the street. "How much did you say? What is the most you will give?"

"Three pound ten; not a farthing more."

"Say a sovereign more; say four pounds ten."

"No."

"Well, then, split the difference; say four pounds, and it's yours."

"Four pounds? well, I will not be hard with you, Isaacs; I'll give four pounds." The bargain was concluded there and then, and the money paid. In an hour after a van arrived at the door, and the Roman Emperors was transferred to new quarters; namely, to the house of the wily *connoisseur*, to whom Isaacs at first offered the picture for seven hundred pounds. The "Roman Emperors" may now be seen in the Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst. It is there known as Murillo's celebrated picture of the "Jesuit Fathers," and had the gentleman who originally discovered it in Isaacs' shop given the seven hundred pounds which the Jew asked for it, he would have had it a decided bargain!"

MACAULAY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, England, in the year 1800. He is, as his name implies, of genuine Highland (and therefore Celtic) breed. Still, it is evident from his appearance, that the Saxon blood, probably through his maternal ancestry, outweighs the Celtic element. His father was Zachary Macaulay, who took a prominent part in the successful movement against West India Slavery. Some difficulty that Zachary had with the Society of Friends, is *said* to be at the bottom of Thomas's disposition to traduce the leaders of that exemplary people.

Macaulay received his education at Cambridge, and distinguished himself from early youth by the brilliancy of his parts. He won the Craven Scholarship, and, in 1822, became a Fellow of Trinity—both great distinctions. He also became conspicuous at the "Union" as a debater, and thus exhibited very early the various talents which have made his success and his reputation. We believe that the Whig potentates were not long in seeing his promise or encouraging it, and that he wanted from the first none of that kind notice which cannot indeed create genius, but which assuredly helps to develope it.

His first success of a decided character in public, was the Essay on "Milton," in the "Edinburgh Review," for August, 1825. This exhibited all his peculiar powers—the picturesque force, the pungent antithesis, which are his chief characteristics. He is scarcely a man of great imagination, but he has great acuteness and some imagination; in fact, just the amount of brilliancy necessary to adorn sharp common sense. He eagerly joined in the Reform movement; and as his bent towards politics has always been as strong as his bent towards literature, as his abilities were early ripe, and the period was stirring and tumultuous, he got into Parliament at thirty years of age.

After the Reform Bill, he was elected for Leeds, which he represented from 1832 to 1834. His Indian mission marks an epoch in his life. He went to India as one of the Commissioners for "Digesting and Reforming the Laws of India;" his last speech in Parliament before leaving was on Indian affairs, and was delivered on July 10, 1833.

His salary, as Commissioner, was, we believe, $50,000 a-year. Sir James Mackintosh had held an Indian appointment, and meant to make money, but did not. Macaulay meant to make money, and did. We have heard that he lived modestly, and went little into society there, like a prudent man. To his Indian absence we owe several essays—the "Bacon," the "Clive," the "Warren Hastings," three of the most striking which he ever wrote. In all three the style is equally remarkable, pungent, and exciting; but in all three are whole passages of doctrine or characterizations of persons and things, open to grave criticism and endless controversy. Macaulay suppressed his "Dryden" essay, feeling, perhaps, that he had (to use one of his own expressions,) "wantoned in paradox." We fear the tendency is visible in some essays not suppressed. We do not attribute it to any worse cause than the charm which his own style exercises over him, as it exercises over every body else. We think that he is passionately fond of making an impression, and that he sometimes unconsciously considers, rather which view is the most impressive, than which view is the most just.

He returned from India in 1838. The next place for which he sat was Edinburgh, for which he was returned in 1839. In June of that year, he spoke in favor of the Ballot, on Mr. Grote's motion. He is in favor of the Ballot, on the one ground, that he holds it to be a security against "intimidation." He considers that intimidation has strengthened since the Reform Bill. His support of the Ballot ranks him among the more "liberal" Whigs. But he is opposed to triennial Parliaments: and, though he has once or twice, or oftener, insisted that monarchy and aristocracy are "means, not ends," and so on, 1848 seems to have sharpened his perceptions of the dangers of democracy; and he is no more (for practical purposes) a democrat than Lord Derby. Indeed, he is a consistent, steady Whig, of the old school of Grey and Holland: and if he spoke violently in his early days, it was only because those were days of great public excitement.

Macaulay now obtained office, and served as Secretary-at-War from 1839 to 1841. When the Whigs came in again on the fall of Peel, he was appointed Paymaster-General, which he held from 1846 to 1848. In this last year, he was chosen Lord Rector of Glasgow, a post which many eminent men have held, and delivered an admirable historical address on the occasion. His rejection at Edinburgh (1847) excited universal disgust, and he was re-elected in 1852, in a way which showed that Edinburgh was ashamed of itself.

An English reviewer sums up Macaulay in one sentence as follows:—"He is as wonderful a man as one can be without being a great one."

As to his person—he is perhaps as perfect an example as could be desired, of what Americans consider a "regular John Bull." He is short, round, and somewhat burly; with that singular expression of features—combining honesty and intellectuality, with great stubbornness and a kind of peevish moroseness—which so often marks our able but egotistical cousins over the water. He has never been married, and his moral character—if we may judge from certain passages in his History of England—is, though good as the world goes, by no means of the high, Christian order. His conversational powers are splendid—and, sometimes, a little *too* overwhelming. Our readers will remember Sydney Smith's sarcastic remark, that, to be perfect in this respect, he needed only "a few brief flashes of—silence."

☞ A SLANDERER.—A scandalous bachelor declares that matrimony is imprisonment for life! If so, it is in a prison of roses.

For the Ladies.

THE TOILETTE-TABLE.

The toilette-table requires the presence of various elegant aids, to contribute to the *recherche* results which are so nicely understood and appreciated in refined society. Without them the toilette-table would be considered incomplete; but the price demanded for many of them is so high that a few recipes for such as may be easily manufactured at home, at a comparatively trifling cost, may not wholly be unacceptable. Among these toilette accessories, perfumes form an important item; they are applied for the purpose of communicating fragrance to the handkerchief, the linen, and other articles of wearing apparel; they are administered as restoratives in many forms on various occasions, and also are used as a means of diffusing a pleasing and hygienic odor to the atmosphere of rooms; in the latter case, precaution should be taken never to exhibit them in apartments deprived of a free and perfect ventilation, as the ultimate elements of all perfumes, whether derived from vegetable or animal substances are oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, with the addition of nitrogen, in animal substances, all of which, with the exception of oxygen, are inimical to respiration, and highly injurious to animal life, unless there be sufficient oxygen in the air of the apartment to counteract their effect.

Those perfumes, which may be classed as restoratives, do not properly belong to the toilette department, and we, therefore, shall only offer one simple receipt for composing an aromatic vinegar:—Take half a pint of acetic acid, add to it half an ounce of dried rosemary, the same quantity of lavender and bruised cloves, let these digest several days, then pour off the liquid, strain and bottle for use. For perfuming apartments, the subjoined recipes will be found effectual—the pastille and the perfume lamp are the most popular modes adopted for this purpose. A powerful and agreeable pastille may be composed with the following ingredients: a quarter of a pound of benzoin, of myrrh and tolu the same quantity, each in powder, half an ounce of essence of cloves, nutmegs and lavender, one ounce of nitrate of potass, and blend all together in a stiff paste with mucilage of tragacantha; form it into any devised shape, and leave it to dry gradually. The perfume lamp is merely a spirit-lamp, filled with an odorous spirituous essence; a strong and pleasant one is made by mixing equal parts of eau de cologne, tincture of myrrh, benzoin and cloves, with half an ounce of bergamot. Another, more simple and less expensive, may be made with one pint of spirits of wine, half a pint of lavender-water, half an ounce of essence of vanilla, and half an ounce of nitre. A quick and easy way of diffusing a purifying odor to the air of a room, is by the fumes of ignited paper, prepared in the following manner: damp with a sponge dipped in alum-water a sheet of coarse, brown paper; when partially dry, spread over it a layer of dissolved gum benzoin and myrrh, lay it to dry, and then cut it into slips and fold them like paper allumettes, ready for use.

When perfumes are applied to wearing apparel, it should be observed that they never neutralise or overpower any exhalations which may arise from the omission of regular daily ablutions, and for such purposes their use cannot be too highly deprecated. Lavender used to be formerly a very favorite perfume to scent drawers and wardrobes; but it is no longer considered *distingue*, and is rarely used except in combination with other odors. Sachets and scent-bags filled with a mixture of various dried fragrant flowers and leaves, in equal proportions, usually called pot-pourri, gives a delicious flowery perfume. Cedar wood or sandalwood, ground finely with powdered nutmegs, cloves, and myrrh, forms a pleasing combination for a sachet. Perfumed cloths are now much used to line drawers and presses; they are prepared thus:—a piece of linen is steeped in diluted rose water, when nearly dry a composition is spread on it and allowed to dry, it is then covered with some delicately colored silk or gingham previous to being placed in the drawers; the composition is composed of similar ingredients to those employed for sachets, excepting that mucilage of tragacantha is added to bring them to the consistency of a thin paste.

For the handkerchief, one of the most admired perfumes is the violet; this may be easily procured at a small expense by the following simple process: Fill a jar with the flowers of freshly-gathered violets, pour over them as much warm clarified veal suet as will cover them, cover the jar closely, and let it remain undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours, in a sufficient heat to keep the fat liquid; the fat should then be poured off the flowers, and fresh ones added to it; this process should be repeated three or four times, until the fat is impregnated with a powerful odor. When the fat is perfectly cold, chop it up finely, and place it in a wide-necked bottle, filled with spirits of wine; this must be allowed to remain a week, or even longer, until the spirit has imbibed the odor; it must be then drained off and bottled for use; a few drops of spirit of camphor rather improve the perfume; the fat which will still retain a portion of the odor, may be melted with sufficient olive oil to reduce it to the consistency of a pomade, and thus may be obtained a cheap and agreeable perfume or bouquet for the handkerchief, and an excellent pomade for the hair. The fragrance of other flowers may be obtained in a similar manner; a very exquisite compound perfume is obtained by combining several kinds of flowers in this process, such as the rose, the honeysuckle, jasmine, geranium, and verbena, only observing that the odor resides in the leaves instead of the flowers of the two latter plants. The following is a recipe for an excellent imitation of eau de cologne, which, for its refreshing and reviving qualities, will be found well adapted for family use: Put into a bottle ten ounces of spirits of wine; add to it two drachms of essence of bergamot and extract of rosemary, twenty drops of essence of lemon and neroli, cork and seal the bottle, shaking it repeatedly during the successive five or six days, when it will be ready for use.

Our space obliges us to limit the number of our receipts, and we shall conclude with directions for composing a delicate perfumed wash, to be used after the ordinary ablutions: Blanch half-a-pound of Valencia almonds, and pound them in a mortar; stir slowly into them one pint of orange-flower water, then add a tablespoonful of the best white honey, and the same quantity of French chalk in powder; strain the mass, and add a few drops of essence of violets and otto of roses. This wash may be used regularly with advantage to the skin, and may be considered as a safe and innocent cosmetic.—*London Lady's Newspaper.*

☞ It is not so much high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors—meddlesomeness and tattling—are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

POLITICAL NEWS.

UTAH.—The last news from Salt Lake City states that this Mormon Territory is preparing to apply for admission into the Union. A general election was ordered to take place on the 16th of February, for the choice of delegates to a Constitutional Convention, which was to assemble at Great Salt Lake City on the 17th of March. This Convention was to be authorized to form and adopt a Constitution—to define boundaries; designate the name of the new State, and memorialize Congress in relation thereto. To the objections which will be urged to their Polygamy, they doubtless will oppose the doctrine of "popular sovereignty."

WISCONSIN.—It having been proven in the Supreme Court that Mr. Bashford, the Republican candidate, had a majority of 1,000 votes for the Governor, Gov. Barstow tendered his resignation of the office. The Lieut. Governor will act as Governor pending the solution of the constitutional question in the premises.

OHIO.—The American State Council in session at Columbus after a stormy session, adopted the majority report, repudiating the nomination of Messrs. Fillmore and Donelson, and endorsing the seceders from the Philadelphia Convention.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The vote for Governor stands thus, according to the returns in the Concord Patriot, Dem.:—For Metcalf, American, 12,059; for Wells, Democrat, 31,027; for Goodwin, Whig, 2,455. To the Council three Americans and two Democrats are elected. To the Senate, eight Opposition and four Democratic members are elected, and to the House of Representatives, 167 American Republicans, and 146 Democrats. The county officers have been elected by the Democrats in five counties, by the Opposition in five, and two counties are uncertain and close.

THE PRESIDENCY.—It is said that a movement is on foot at Washington to bring forward Gen. Rusk, U. S. Senator from Texas, as the candidate of the Democrats for the Presidency—as Gen. Pierce was brought forward four years ago. There are also rumors of Mr. Fillmore's non-acceptance, in consequence of the coldness with which his nomination has been generally received at the North, and a union of all parties opposed to the administration on Judge John McLean, of Ohio, with Senator Bell, of Tenn., as Vice President. What foundation there is for all these rumors we do not pretend to say.

PENNSYLVANIA.—An election for Mayor of Reading, Berks county, was held on Friday last. Wanner, the Democratic candidate, was elected by a majority of 24, over an "American" ticket. Last year the American party carried the city by 704 majority.

KANSAS.—On the 6th, a brief special message from Governor Robinson was received. He said that, as there was a difference of opinion in regard to the right of law making by the Assembly, and the construction of his message to it, it was proper for him to state that he wished to recommend no course to be taken in opposition to the United States Government or the Territorial Government. The only object sought to be attained was to make such provision as was indispensable to the action of a State, especially to its action as a member of the Union, prior to its admission.

The Legislature then adopted a resolution setting forth that the laws adopted by it were not intended to go into effect until the State was admitted into the Union by an act of Congress. All that is to be done is preliminary to such admission, and dependent upon it. The Legislature would adjourn on the 15th till July. The Legislature, in joint convention, had elected Governor Meeder U. S. Senator on the first ballot, and Mr. Lane on the second. Each received 38 votes. Fifty-six members were present.

NEWS ITEMS.

MACAULAY AND THE HIGHLANDERS.—The Highlanders of Glenmore, in Inverness shire, feeling aggrieved and indignant at the charges brought by Mr. Macaulay against their predecessors, in his last volume of the "History of England," assembled together, and, headed by a piper playing the "Rogue's March," proceeded to the Black Rock, and there burnt in effigy the distinguished historian. The assembled crowd gave three shouts of execration as the effigy was consuming. Macaulay, when in the highlands, resided for a considerable time at Glenmore House.

The U. S. propeller Arctic, after endeavoring in vain to get inside the Hook, sent a report ashore at the Highlands, N. Y., and after making some inquiries, again proceeded to sea. She has been cruising between Sable Island at lat. 37. She saw no vestige of the Pacific or any other wreck. All well on board.

BURGLARY AND ROBBERY BY CHLOROFORM.—On Saturday night, 15th inst., some burglars raised the window of the sleeping room of a butcher, named Freitag, in Lawrenceville, Pa., and put a cloth saturated with chloroform, attached to a long pole, to the nostrils of himself and wife. When the chloroform had taken effect, they entered the room, took $600 from a bureau, and then decamped.

Great fears of an overflow of the Mississippi are entertained at New Orleans.

WARNING TO MANAGERS.—In the Westminster Court, at London, a gentleman obtained a verdict against the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, for the amount of four tickets to the dress circle, and cab fares from and to the theatre, the house being over-crowded.

A Protestant minister lately established himself at Barcelona, in Spain, whereupon M. Jaon, a member of the Assembly, denounced it as a "grave and scandalous" thing, and the Government would probably take measures to get rid of the dangerous man.

The Joint British, French and Sardinian Submarine Telegraph Company has completed its arrangements for continuing the line from the coast of Africa, by way of Alexandria, Jerusalem, Damascus, &c., to Calcutta, whence it must ere long be extended to Melbourne, the British capital of Australia, altogether a distance of 12,500 miles.

CLOUDS OF PIGEONS.—The Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle of the 5th inst., says: "Yesterday one might have supposed to be a cloudy day, from the enormous quantity of wild pigeons passing over in a southerly direction."

DEEP SNOW.—The snow is so deep in Peru, Berkshire county, Mass., that the dwelling house of Mr. Cone, one and a-half stories high, is so completely covered by a huge drift, that it has been found necessary to dig a tunnel thirty-seven feet in length, from the front door, in order to give persons inside a chance to get out.

The chairman of the committee appointed by stock dealers of the Scioto valley, to report upon the best and cheapest routes for transporting live stock to the Eastern market, has reported in favor of the following routes: From the neighborhood of Cincinnati, the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad; from Columbus, the Central Ohio Railroad; from Wheeling, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and from Baltimore and Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and New Jersey Railroads to New York city.

Wallace's Oak, which has stood for centuries at Esterdile, a memorial of the patriot hero, was uprooted by the late gale. Its fall removes one of the most ancient memorials of the great Sir William Wallace. It stood within a short distance of the mansion-house in which tradition says Sir William was born.

PITTSBURGH, March 24.—The Ohio is now fully open for navigation, with ten feet of water, and at a stand. The remaining ice moved on Saturday night, without injury to the shipping. The weather is clear and cool.

On Sunday last, Mr. W. J. Hatch, of Camden, was murdered on his own grounds, while attempting to disarm three men, who were poaching. He had taken the gun from one, and was taking it from another, when the third shot him. Three persons were subsequently arrested on suspicion.

FIRST PARTY FROM NEW ENGLAND FOR KANSAS.—The pioneer party for Kansas arrived in this city last evening from Springfield, under the direction of Mr. Branscomb. They numbered only some twenty, it being deemed too early in the season for a larger number to go forward. The next and much larger company will start on the 25th, and weekly instalments will follow. Those who want forward last night were sturdy, intelligent, enterprising young men, who will do good and make a fortune in Kansas.—*Albany Journal.*

We have been favored with the perusal of a private letter from the Hon. James Buchanan to a gentleman in this city, in which Mr. B. states that he would leave for the continent as soon as his successor reached London; and that, after spending a few days in travelling, he expected to take passage in the Arago, which is advertised to sail from Havre for New York on the 9th of April. —*Washington Union.*

The ship John Rutledge, from Liverpool to New York, which was lost in the ice (by running into an iceberg) about the 18th of February, had on board one hundred and twenty passengers and a crew of twenty-five. The ship was insured for $70,000, a part in Philadelphia. She had a cargo of 800 tons merchandise, which was probably insured in Europe. Five boats, filled with the passengers and crew, left the ship. It was the intention of Mr. Atkinson, the mate, to have left the vessel in the boat which was picked up, but she broke adrift, and he and several others went down with the wreck.

It is conjectured that the other boats, which were well manned and furnished with compasses, would pull for the Gulf stream, as the weather was severely cold. They may, therefore, be picked up by passing vessels. The compass of the rescued boat was accidentally broken; and, it being cloudy, her crew could not shape her course.

CINCINNATI SLAVE CASE.—This case, though settled by the delivery of the fugitives to their claimant, has left behind it some serious legal complications. It will be recollected that the local Court issued a writ of habeas corpus for the fugitives, but the Marshal returned to it the answer that, as the production of the persons before the Court would serve no practical purpose, he took the responsibility of disobeying the writ, and delivering them over to the claimant. The Court has since taken this answer into consideration, and, believing that the writ of habeas corpus cannot be constitutionally suspended, has directed the Prosecuting Attorney to file specifications upon which a rule should issue against the Marshal, to show cause why he should not be attached as for a contempt.

PRESERVING VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.—F. J. Anger, of London, has taken out a patent for preserving potatoes and other like vegetable substances, by dipping them in a warm solution of diastase, or gum made from starch. Some of this gum is dissolved in water which is heated up to about 140 deg. Fah., and the vegetable substances are then introduced into it, and kept at that heat until imbued with the solution. The vegetables are then taken out and placed in drying rooms until they are completely dried. Potatoes, when so treated are stated by the patentee not to be susceptible of decomposition, by the influence of the atmosphere.

M. Chacornac, of the Paris Observatory, has discovered another little planet—the thirty-eighth, to which Madame Le Verrier has given the name of *Eucharis*. As this nymph was the rival of her who fascinated Telemachus, it will only be fair to name the next discovery *Calypso*.

☞ There is at Cowthorpe, near Weatherby, one of the largest oak trees in England. It is 20 yards in girth, and one bough is 19 yards long. Its age is five hundred years, and a dozen people can comfortably dine in the hollow trunk.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, March 24th, 1856.

Business generally, with the exception of the Dry Goods and Hard and Soft Coal trades, has been moderately active for the season, in these articles, however, the operations have been unusually heavy, the purchasers from the South and West being larger than for many years past, and all staple articles realizing full prices in the local produce markets. Breadstuffs, generally, meet with a limited demand, but there is little or no change in prices under the late foreign news. Cotton—Receipts are increasing, and prices are rather lower. Coal—There is some inquiry for shipment, and prices are firm. Fish are in moderate demand, but without much change in quotations. Groceries have been quiet, but holders are firm in their demands. Iron is buoyant, with a good demand to go West. The sales, however, have been moderate, owing to the high views of makers. In Hemp and Hides but little doing, for the want of stocks. Naval Stores and Oils—no change to notice. Seeds are wanted. Provisions—Supplies come forward slowly, and the market is quiet at previous quoted rates. Rye is steady. Seeds are more active, and Clover seed is bringing rather better prices. Teas and Tobacco are about stationary, with a fair business doing. Wool is firm, with moderate transactions in fine Fleece. Whiskey is firmer, with more doing in the way of sales. In other articles there are no important changes to note since the close of the week. The following are the exports from this port for the week ending the 21st inst.:

WEST INDIES.			
Flour, bbls.	912	Tobacco, lbs.	5,570
Corn Meal, bbls.	628	Soap, lbs.	12,400
Beef, bbls.	50	Candles, lbs.	21,000
Pork, bbls.	32	Soap, lbs.	109,258
Hams, lbs.	413	Corn, bush.	600
Lard, lbs.	1,110	Rice, tcs.	15
Butter, lbs.	600		
ENGLAND.			
Flour, bbls.	2,112	Hams, lbs.	1,200
Corn, bush.	49,083	Bark, hhds.	68
OTHER FOREIGN PORTS.			
Flour, bbls.	4,600	Hams, lbs.	6,412
Rye Flour, bbls.	50	Lard, lbs.	50,000
Beef, bbls.	6	Butter, lbs.	2,500
Corn, bush.	230	Cheese, lbs.	1,100
Oats, bush.	282	Candles, lbs.	9,500
Rice, tcs.	10	Tobacco, casks.	20

ASHES—Both kinds more off as wanted at about previous quoted prices. Pots bring $6 per 100 lbs.

BARK—Continues scarce; there is some inquiry for shipment at previous prices, but the want of stock limits operations. We quote 1st No 1 quer. at $22.

BREADSTUFFS—Is held above the views of buyers, and quiet at 7s for good yellow.

BREAD—There is no change in prices, but the demand as yet is limited to the wants of the home trade.

BRIMSTONE—150 tons crude sold from the vessel at a price not known.

CANDLES—Moderate sales of Sperm and Adamantine are reported, without much variation in prices. Tallow Candles are dull at quotations.

COAL—There is some little movement in the market this week, and several vessels have been loaded to an East. Prices remain unaltered. The opening rates, however, are not yet fully established. White Ash is bringing $4.25, and Red Ash $4.50 per ton, on the spot.

COFFEE—The market has been rather inactive this week, and sales comprise some 4,000 bags at 11½c@12c for Rio, and 11½ @12c for Maracaibo and Laguayra, on the usual credit, mostly of the former description.

COPPER is steady and firm, with but little selling. Yellow Metal continues firm and more active at 22c for sheets and 24c for spelter, on time.

COTTON—The want of stock limited operations in the forepart of the week, but with increased supplies the demand has fallen off and prices have ruled somewhat in favor of the buyer. The heavier news, however, imparted a little more firmness to holders, but the market closed fully 1c lower than last week, sales on all counts reaching 4,000 bales, mostly at 10½c for Uplands and 12@13c for New Orleans and Mobile, cash and 4 mos. The following is the movement in this staple from the 1st Sept. to the latest dates:

	1855.	1854.	1853.	1852.
Rec. at the Ports,	2,620,000	1,761,000	1,777,000	2,511,000
Ex. to G. Britain,	1,030,000	820,000	740,000	1,052,000
Ex. to France,	304,000	207,000	217,000	361,000
Ex. other for. ports,	322,000	150,000	164,000	148,000
Total exports,	1,815,000	1,262,000	1,081,000	1,413,000
Stock on hand,	645,000	375,000	643,000	774,000

Of which, during the past week, included in the above

Rec. at the Ports,	120,000	70,000	62,000	63,000
Ex. to G. Britain,	60,000	32,000	27,000	41,000
" to France,	15,000	12,000	20,000	17,000
" other for. ports,	17,000	3,000	13,000	9,000
Total exports,	90,000	48,000	60,000	67,000

DRUGS AND DYES—Business has been inactive, but without any material variation in notice in price. A sale of Cahoba Indigo was made at 240 on the usual terms.

DRY GOODS—Business with both the Commission and Jobbing Houses, continues very active; buyers take hold freely, as opportunity is presented, to purchase of goods, and all seasonable styles being full prices. The tendency of the descriptions, particularly Muslins and Prints, which keep well, sold up, being to an advance.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened dull and depressed, but with continued light receipts, prices have ruled nearly stationary notwithstanding the unfavorable tenor of the foreign news, and the sales latterly, however, being more favorable than the telegraphic reports at times would have led little or no change; but the demand both for export and home use has been very limited during the entire week. Some 4,500 bbls Flour only found buyers for shipment, mostly at $7.87½ for standard superfine, including one or two lots reported at something less, and 1,000 bbls extra at $7.93 per bbl. For home use the demand has ranged at from $7.87½ for common and good brands, which latter are scarce, and $7.93@8.00 for fancy and for extras, as to quality. Rye Flour is quiet with further small sales at $5 per bbl. Corn Meal has been more inquired for to go East, and some 2,000 bbls Country Meal were dispensed of mostly at $4 per bbl, delivered. The inspections of the week are 9,000 bbls Flour, 450 bbls Rye do, and 50 bbls Corn Meal.

GRAIN—There is continued scarcity, with small business to note at former prices for new Wheat. Sales of Western through 31c; Southern at 32c for large do, $1.53@1.57 for small do, and $1.60 @1.65 for white, as to quality. Rye was held above the views of buyers early in the week, but since some 10,000 and 20,000 bus Western have been disposed of at 100c, at which rate the market closed quiet. Corn has been steadily request, and 40,000 bus Pennsylvania whole found buyers at 59@60c, mostly at 59c for dry lots. The selling sales for the week are 70,000 bus, of which 15,000 bus have been taken at 58½c, mostly at 59c for good Penn., in store. 16,000 bus New York Barley have been sold on terms not public.

GUANO—The market is inactive as yet, but holders are firm in their demands, as per circular.

HEMP—The market is quiet, but firm, the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, but a sale of about 100 bales Western, part dressed, was made on terms not public.

HIDES—The demand is good, but there have been no recent arrivals, or sales to offer quotations, which are fully supported and firm.

HOPS—Still as wanted at 14@c per lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is buoyant and firm. It is maintained at the West, that there are at one time but 40 tons bar of pig, than for the same time last year, in the Western iron districts—showing a balance of 8,000 tons against this year, if the consumption should be equal to that of 1855. The indications are that the consumption will be considerably greater. We learn also, from the West, that the demands for bars are such as to clear the market of stocks, even at advanced rates, upon the commencement of free navigation. Mills are generally sold ahead. Transactions during the current week have been unlimited. Prices and sales are in good demand; Nails are more active, at rates fully maintained. Weekly Pig for immediate use, in moderate lots, has sold at $23 @ $24. The quotations are $21 for No 2; $21 for No 1; on the Susquehanna, and choice brands here are held at from at whole price 100 tons sold this week. No 2 is selling at $21, and No 1 mostly at $22. Total sales for this week are 2,000 tons. Merchant Bars are selling freely at $70 to $75; Rails at $60; coals; Nails at $4 to $4.10.

LEAD—The market is nearly bare; a sale of 225 tons Spanish was made, in barrels, at a private bargain.

LEATHER—The demand continues active, and prices are fully supported and firm, with a light stock to operate on, and plenty of orders.

LOGWOOD—Three cargoes Mt. Domingo, just in, were contracted for on private terms.

LUMBER—The market remains dull, and without any particular change to note. Present appearances warrant a large demand.

MOLASSES—The market is inactive, but holders are firm in their views, most of the recent arrivals of Cuba and New Orleans having been previously sold and reported; some small sales of the latter have been made at a little time, on the spot, the latter for prime.

NAVAL STORES—But little doing; some 200 bbls Common Rosin have been sold at $1.87½ per bbl, and some further small sales Spirits Turpentine at 39c per gal, cash and time. In Tar and Pitch no sales worthy of notice.

OILS—There is a good demand for Sperm and Whale at former quotations, but the sales are merely in a retail way. Lard Oil is steady at 55c with small sales. Of Linseed, sales range at 80@82c per gal.

PLASTER—Is scarce; a cargo reported below, remains unsold.

PROVISIONS—Supplies come forward slowly, and the market generally remains very quiet; the sales of corrected meats are only in a retail way, at $11@12 for Mess Pork, and $16 per bbl for City Mess Beef. Bacon is very scarce, there is some little inquiry to get Smith and sales have been made at 9c for Sugar Cure, and 10c for Sidney; the latter rate is wanted at 10½@c, the latter for fancy cured. In Green Meats about 250,000 lbs have changed hands, at late or Pickle for Shoulders, 6½@7c for Hams, and 8@9c for Hams, short time. Lard is steady, with sales of 500 pkgs at 9@10c for kegs and tcs, and 10@10½c for kegs. Butter is selling to but to the extent at 24@c for Roll, as to quality; solid is scarce. Cheese no change, and more inquired.

RICE sells with a fair retail demand at 6@6c per lb.

SALT—No arrivals of sales have been made public.

SEEDS—There has been more activity in the market during the past week, and prices at the close rather looking up. Some 600 bushels Timothy have changed hands at $2.50@2.75 from first and $2.87½@3 for fancy lots, which are scarce. Of Timothy 600 bushels have also been made at $4, mostly at $3.87½ per bus. Flaxseed is rather firmer, with a small business doing at from $2.30@2.35 per bus.

SUGARS—The market has been somewhat unsettled during the past week, with a tendency to favor of the buyer, who have come forward slowly to operate, preferring to wait the probable Cuba and New Orleans, a specific. Some holders are strong.

SUMAC—About 80 bags Sicily have been sold at 57½c, 6 mos to brand.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue inactive, but holders are firm in the demands. N. E. Rum is scarce, with sales at 24c@c. Whiskey is less firm, with sales of 1,000 bbls Ohio at 28c, the latter for prime pkgs, at which rate the market closes.

TALLOW is moving on more freely at 10½@10½c for city rendered.

TEAS—The market continues active for all descriptions and prices are fully maintained.

TOBACCO—The want of stock limits transactions in leaf, and we hear of no sales. Of Manufactured, sales to a retail way have been made at steady rates.

WINES continue scarce and firm, with about the usual business to notice.

WOOL—The market has been rather quiet this week, but prices are fully sustained and firm, the tendency, if anything, being to a further advance. The week's transactions have been on a retail, reaching about 150,000 lbs, mostly within the range of 44@50c, for common to prime lots, on the usual credit. Among the sales are some 25,000 lbs Common, in lots, at 36@38c, cash, and 35,000 lbs Fine Fleece at 51@c 6 mos.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of the week are 1,100 Beeves, 200 Cows and Calves, 2,500 Hogs, and 3,400 Sheep and Lambs.

Beeves—The best cattle were all disposed of within the range of $8.50@9.00, the latter for an inferior lot, the latter for prime lots.

The Cows and Calves were all taken at from $20 to 50, as to condition.

Hogs—The demand inactive, and all in market were taken by the city butchers at $7@7½ per 100 lbs.

Sheep and Lambs continue in good request at $2.50 each, the latter for choice.

Hay comes off steadily at from $1.10 to 1.25 the 100 lbs from the sheds.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FLOUR—The low grades of State and Western are again better, with a brisk local and Eastern demand, and with light arrivals. Prices still have an upward tendency. There is only a limited inquiry for good brands for export. The better grades are more salable, as second and third class descriptions are poorly supplied. The sales are 8,500 bbls at $6.87½@7.30 for common to good State, and $7@7.50 for common to good Michigan; $7.10@7.50 for common to good Indiana; $7.25@7.75 for common to good Ohio; $7.75@8.50 for common to good superfine and low grades of extra Genesee, and $8@8.50 for common to good St. Louis. Canadian Flour is buoyant; the demand is quite active for the home trade and for shipping, and the arrivals are moderate; sales of 1,250 bbls at $7.25@8.25 for common to best brands.

Southern Flour is buoyant, with a better local and shipping inquiry; the demand is limited. Sales of 2,300 bbls at $7.50 for mixed to good standard brands of Alexandria, the various "City Mills" "Howard Street," and Fredericksburg Country, and $8.12½ for favorite lamps and low grade of extras. Rye Flour is firm; sales of 150 bbls at $5.25. Corn Meal is inactive at $3.37½@3.50 for Jersey. Buckwheat flour is heavy at $1.12½ at 100 lbs.

GRAIN—A better demand may be noted for wheat at improved prices, in part for export and the East. Sales of 150 bushels common Southern Red at $1.55; 3,300 bushels Southern White at $1.81@1.90, and 5,500 bushels good Red Western, for export, on private terms. Rye is firm and in fair request. Sales of 5,000 bushels at $1.10 for inferior in store, and $1.12½ @1.15 at the railroad depot. Oats are in fair request at 52@53c for Southern and 54@55c for Western. Corn is firmer for Southern. Corn is steady, but very quiet. Sales of 6,000 bushels at 65@66c for Southern mixed, 66@67c for Southern White, and 68@69c for do Yellow.

COFFEE—More has been done and prices retain their firmness. An auction sale of East India, unexamined, checks it more than in inquiry. The entire stock of Rio is 70,000 bags. The sales embrace 2,000 bags Rio, per "North Point," at 11½c; 200 bags low grade, at 10½c; 35 bags Mariscalla, at 12c.

SUGARS—There is a moderate business done at former prices; sales of 150 bbls Muscovado at 8½c, 100 bbls Cuba Muscovado at 9c, and 1,500 boxes Havana to go out of the market, on terms not transpired.

MOLASSES—A fair demand prevails, and prices are sustained; sales of 200 bbls New Orleans at 33c; 50 bbls Neuvitas Syrup at 41c, and 50 bbls Cuba Muscovado at 36c.

WHISKEY—The market is better supplied, and is easier. Sales of 350 bbls at 28½c for Ohio, and 30c for Prime.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is very quiet, and irregular; the supply of Mess is good, but Prime is scarce and wanted. Sales of 250 bbls at $13.87½@14.00 for Mess, $12.87½@13 for Prime, and $18@17 for Prime Mess. Beef is heavy, and is freely offered; the demand is only for the home trade. Sales of 150 bbls at $8.25@8.75 for Prime; $9.25@11 for Country Mess, and $11@13.25 for repacked Western Mess. Bacon is in better demand. Sales of 500 boxes long clear middles, equal, at 9½c; 500 boxes short-ribbed, retrimmed for May delivery, on private terms.

Lard is a shade firmer, and not plenty.

March 24.—The Flour market is improving, with sales of 4,000 bbls at $7.75 for Straight State, $7.81 for Ohio, and $8.12½@8.50 for Southern. Wheat is firm, with sales of 2,000 bushels. Corn is improving; sales of 40,000 bushels at 66c for Western Mixed.—Pork is dull, with sales of 200 bbls at $13.87½@14. Beef is steady; sales of 150 bbls. Lard is firm; sales of 200 bbls. Whiskey has declined; sales of 300 bbls at 29c.

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market firmer. Shippers more disposed to purchase, and prices have advanced. We note sales at about 500 bbls Howard street at $6.75, which is 25c above previous. Ohio held firmly at $6.75. There were buyers of City Mills at $6.50, and no sellers. Generally held at $6.75. Sales since Change of 500 bbls Howard street at $6.75, and 150 City Mills at $6.50. Family and extra Flour—We quote Patapsco family, by the quantity at $7.50; extra do $8.00. Sales of Howard street and Ohio family at $7.75@8; extra do $7.75@8 per 196 lbs. Rye Flour—The market is dull; we quote $4.37½@4.50 per bbl. Corn Meal—Market dull; we now quote country at $3.62½, and city do $3.75 per bbl. Brokewheat Meal—There is a fair stock on hand; sales are confined by the quantity at $1.75 @1.87½, and in retail lots at $2 per 196 lbs. Grain—Wheat the market was quiet and unsettled—not much disposition to purchase; a sale of only two bushels red at $1.40, nothing else in white; we quote it nominally at $1.45@1.75 for good to prime choice $1.90. Corn—There were 30,000 bushels offered, and about 11,000 bushels sold at 55@56c, measurement, for white, and 57 weight. Also, yellow at 56@57c, measurement, and 58@59c, weight. There was a good demand. Oats—About 1,000 bushels offered, and sales at 36@37c per bush. Rye—Only 100 bushels offered, and sold at 90c per bush. Provisions—Mess Pork is dull at $13@13.25; Prime do $12.50@12.75. Bacon—Hams and Virginia at 10@10c. Seeds—No sales reported, but we quote Clover at $3.75@4.87½; Timothy $3.62½@3.75; Flaxseed $1.62½@1.80 per bush.

WHISKEY—The stock on hand is very moderate, with a good demand, and holders firm. Small sales of city and Penna at 28@28½c. We quote Ohio held at 31c per gallon. Sales since Change of 200 bbls city at 28½c.

March 24.—The Flour market is firm at $8.75 per bbl for Howard street and City Mills. Red Wheat $1.42½@1.52; white $1.55@1.57. Corn is active; sales of 40,000 bush at 52@53c weight, for white, and 54@55c, measure, for yellow.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—Fortunately for the consumers of meat there was a reaction in the market for Beef Cattle, the decline averaging about 50 ₱ lb, consequent upon a material increase in the supply. The number on sale was 3,379, being nearly three times as many as were offered last market day. The quality of the stock this week was from common to good, the latter being predominating. The inferiority of the former detracted materially from their appearance, and the sales, from the same cause, were very slow.

A few extra realized 12c, which is the extreme outside price; while inferior to good ranged from 9 to 11c, averaging about 10c. About one-third of the supply came from Ohio, one-third from the State, and the remainder from Illinois, Michigan, &c. Other than one remains without change in price, with not a little dull demand. The probability is that a liberal supply will be over-stocked.

PRICES—Beef Cattle, extra quality ₱ 100 lbs, $11.50@12; do good quality $10@11; do common $8@9.50; do inferior $6@9. Cows and Calves extra $55@65; do good $40@50; do common $20@25. Veals (fatty); extra 6c. Sheep and Lambs @5.50@7; do extra 8c.

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyances the supplies came:

By the Harlem Railroad, Cattle		970
Do	Cows and Calves	48
Do	Veal Calves	226
Do	Sheep and Lambs	1,200
By the Hudson River Railroad, Horses		1,400
Do	Swine	136
Erie Railroad, Beeves		1,200
Camden and Amboy		600

AT BROWNING'S.—317 Beef Cattle @7.50@12; 84 Cows and Calves @25@65; 91 Veal Calves (just); 1,700 Sheep and Lambs @5.50@8.

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—100 Beef Cattle @9@11, 25 Cows and Calves @30, $40; 41 Veal Calves (five weighed 6,870 lbs); 1,375 Sheep and Lambs @5@7c.

AT O'BRIEN'S.—180 Beeves @8.50@9.50; 110 Cows and Calves @25@50; 97 Veal Calves @5@6c.

RECAPITULATION.

	Cows and Beeves.	Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's,	3,379	61	320	1,500
Browning's,	412	84	91	1,333
Chamberlain's,	277	41	91	3,175
O'Brien's,	180	120	97	
Total,	4,398	281	592	5,942

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL, No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.			
Beef—Hind qrs ₱ lb	7	a	9
Fore qrs ₱ lb	5	a	7
Sirloin Steaks ₱ lb	14	a	16
Rump do ₱ lb	14	a	16
Roast, pieces, each	14	a	20
Corned Beef ₱ lb	10	a	12
Smoked do do	14	a	16
Beef Tongues do	37	a	25
Mutton qrs ₱ lb	5	a	7
Do fore qr ₱ lb	4	a	5
Do hind qr ₱ lb	10	a	—
Do Chops ₱ lb	12	a	14
Do Cutlets ₱ lb	12	a	14
Do Cutlets ₱ lb	15	a	18
PORK.			
Carcass ₱ lb	4	a	5
At retail ₱ lb	10	a	12
Hams smoked ₱ lb	12	a	15
Shoul do ₱ lb	10	a	12
Sides do ₱ lb	11	a	12
Pickled Pork ₱ lb	12	a	—
Sausages ₱ lb	12	a	15
Head Cheese ₱ lb	12	a	—
POULTRY.			
Turkeys ₱ lb	15	a	20
Fowls ₱ lb	12	a	14
Ducks ₱ pair	62	a	100
Prairie Hens pair	1 00	a	1 25
Geese ₱ lb	20	a	—
Guinea Hens ₱ pr	50	a	62
HOUSEHOLD PRODUCE.			
Eggs ₱ doz	18	a	20
Pickled do ₱ doz	20	a	22
Potash Butter ₱ lb	35	a	40
Ren Cheese ₱ lb	21	a	—
Cheese in tubs ₱ lb	10	a	12
by the lb	12	a	14
Pineapple Cheese	12	a	—
Pep Sage Cheese ₱ lb	20	a	25
Lard by tub ₱ lb	12½	a	14
FISH.			
Codfish ₱ lb	3	a	3
Fresh Shad	25	a	62½
Eels ₱ lb	6	a	—
Halibut ₱ lb	10	a	12
Flounders ₱ lb	8	a	—
Pike ₱ lb	15	a	—
Salt Mackerel each	12½	a	50
Salt Shad ₱ lb	6	a	8
Salmon Smoked ₱ lb	18	a	18½
Codfish dry ₱ lb	5	a	—
Oysters in shell box	62½	a	1 00
₱ thousand	8 00	a	10 00
Perch ₱ lb	8	a	10
Brook Trout ₱ lb	50	a	75
Haddock ₱ lb	5	a	6
Striped Bass ₱ lb	12½	a	—
Terrapins ₱ doz	75 00	a	100 00
VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.			
Cranberries bbl	1 50	a	2 00
Cranberries ½ pk	37½	a	1 00
Apples cook's bbl	2 50	a	3 00
Apples eh. pk	2 00	a	3 00
Potatoes bushel	55	a	60
Red Onions bbl	62½	a	75
Beets bbl	50	a	62½
Turnips half pk	12½	a	—
Onions half pk	12½	a	25
Cabbage each	6	a	8
Red Cabbage each	4	a	6
Turnip Cab's a for	6	a	—
Garlick ₱ bunch	12	a	18½
Leeks ₱ bunch	8	a	12½
Lima Beans shd ½ pk	18	a	18½
Squashes each	18	a	25
Citrons each	31	a	6
Cabbage each	6	a	12½
Cauliflowers bbl	1 25	a	3 00
Sw't Potatoes bbl	3 50	a	3 75
Do half peck	25	a	—
Parsnips bunch	6	a	—
Celery bunch	10	a	15
HOUSEHOLD ESSENCES.			
Hungarian Essence ₱ lb	25	a	50
Tripe ₱ lb	6	a	8
Do Pickled ₱ lb	6	a	8

Meats are in fair supply, but prices keep up. Of Poultry, all offered find ready sale, at full prices. Fish are more abundant, with usual demand for all kinds. Of Vegetables, the supply will be increased by the arrival of the new crop from the South in a week or two.

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

ASHES—DUTY 20 ₱ cent.
Pots ₱ 100 lbs $6 00 @ 6 25
Pearls " 7 75 @ 8 00
BOTTLES—DUTY 30 ₱ cent.
Bristol, ₱ gro 5 — @ 7 50
Lynn " 5 — @ 5 50
BARK—Quercitron—
1st No 1 ₱ ton 27 — @ 28 —
2d " " 25 — @ 26 —
3d quality " 23 — @ 24 —
Sp Oak ₱ cwt 13 50 @ 15 —
Chestnut " 10 — @ 12 —
BEESWAX—DUTY 20 ₱ ct.
Am yellow per lb — @ 27
Do white — @ 30
BRISTLES—DUTY 5 ₱ ct.
American — @ 40
Russia, Gtalks — @ 1 50
Ends and ads — @ 1 00
Siberia — @ 1 00
Hose Hair — @ 30
BREAD—
Crackers ₱ lb 7 @ 8
Pilot — @ 7
Navy — @ 5
CANDLES—DUTY 20 ₱ ct.
Sperm ₱ lb — @ —
Adamantine — @ —
Mould — @ —
COAL—DUTY 20 ₱ cent.
Schuylkill, W
A lump per ton 4 25 @ —
Prepared 4 25 @ —
Red ash 4 50 @ —
Lehigh lump 4 25 @ —
Peregrine 4 00 @ —
Hydrant do 3 75 @ —
Schuylkill prepared 4 75 @ —
COCOA—DUTY 20 ₱ cent.
Caracas — @ —
Maracaibo — @ —
Guayaquil — @ —
COFFEE—Cuba ₱ lb — @ —
Java — @ —
Laguayra — @ —
Maracaibo — @ —
Costa Rica — @ —
Rio — @ —
St Domingo — @ —
COPPER—
Sheathing — @ —
Yellow metal — @ —
Old Copper — @ —
CORDAGE—
Tarred Cordage — @ —
CORKS—DUTY 25 per cent.
Velvet quarts — @ —
Do pints — @ —
Do ½ pints — @ —
Imperial — @ —
Demijohns — @ —
CUTTON—DUTY free.
New Orleans and Mobile ₱ lb — @ —
Ordinary 10 @ —
Middling to good mid 11 @ 11
Middling fair 11½ @ 12
Fair to good fair 12 @ 13
Choice 13 @ —
Upands, ord to mid 10 @ 10½
Do mid to mid fair 11 @ 12
Do fair to good fair 12 @ 13
DRUGS AND DYES—
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THE COLORED POPULATION OF CINCINNATI.—The Cincinnati Sun says that the colored people of that city number about 6,000 souls. Of their occupations and wealth it is stated—there are five physicians, one of whom has a very large practice among both whites and blacks; twelve grocers; thirty music and school teachers; five daguerreotypists; one patent roofer; five bricklayers and stone-masons; two trunk-makers; twelve dealers in market; five or six boot and shoemakers; a number of excellent tailors, blacksmiths, and carpenters; and one hundred milliners, dress-makers, shirt-makers, and tailoresses. Among them is Henry Boyd, one of the largest and best cabinet manufacturers in the city, who is worth at least $40,000; J. P. Ball, R. G. Ball, and J. C. Ball, who take as fine daguerreotypes as are taken in the world, and who are worth $50,000 at least. The names of 18 of these colored people are given, whose property is valued at $10,000; three, $6,000; two, $5,000; one, $4,000; one, $3,000; one, $2,000; one, $1,000; one, $8,000; one, $12,000; one $14,000; six, $15,000; four, $20,000; five, $80,000; two, $40,000. The names of twenty-five others are given, and it is stated that these and many others, whose names are not mentioned, have property ranging in value from three to twenty thousand dollars.

A WARNING.—A late number of the *Courrier de Pas de Calais*, contains the following:—"Two men lately entered an inn in Cambrai, ordered coffee, and died shortly after swallowing a cup each. The landlady summoned the police, who declared that the men had been poisoned. 'Impossible!' cried the landlady, 'they have only drank a cup of coffee a-piece, and that can do no harm.' She at once drank a cup to prove its innocence. The same result, however, ensued in her case, as she was seized with terrible pains and also died. On examining the pot a box of lucifer, or locofoco matches, was found lying in it."

The Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal says, that the plank roads in that section are so drifted with snow, that the gate keeper comes up through the scuttle in the roof of his house, and receives the toll by reaching up through a hole in the middle of the road. The additions made to the drifts by the recent fall have been so great that all communication through the scuttle is cut off, and the toll is now paid to the gate keeper by dropping the money down the chimney!

Some lawyers in one of the New York Courts were preparing themselves to make long speeches upon a question of costs, a few days ago. The Judge stopped them at the beginning, and asked the amount of the controversy, and on learning that it was only ten dollars, took out his pocket-book, paid the amount, and ordered the clerk to call the next case.

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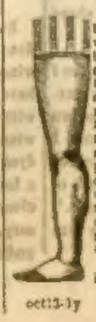

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From the American Courier, Philadelphia.

What next?—We recently asked when speaking of new inventions. We have now the question answered with Bestor's Metallic Revolving Almanac, always right for every year. It is about the size of a Gold Dollar Eagle, and stamped with engravings of coat of Arms, population and area of different states.

From the American Banner, Philadelphia.

Mr. Bestor has left with us what is called a Metallic Almanac or Calendar, about the size of a Five Franc Piece, which proves to be a most convenient pocket article, since it answers all the purposes of an almanac, and any given day or month can be ascertained with unerring certainty in a moment. No business man should be without it.

From the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.

The Pocket Calendar.—This is a new article of the size and shape of a Silver Dollar, designed to answer for each month, by sliding a movable centre piece. It will prove useful.

From the Cincinnati Daily Times.

☞ A pretty pocket piece, and combines beauty with practical utility.

From the Daily News, Philadelphia.

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From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

One of the most convenient little articles for a business man is the Pocket Calendar, sold by S. J. Cuthbert, 53 Market Street, who is the agent for the proprietor, S. J. Bestor, of Philadelphia. The owner, by setting it the first of the month, has a complete and perpetual Almanac, which can always be conveniently carried in the pocket. Every body should have one.

From the Pittsburg Daily.

Revolving Pocket Calendar.—Every body should have one. It is about the size of a Silver Dollar, and is so arranged that the day of the Month and Week can be told at a glance. We are indebted to Mr. S. L. Cuthbert, 53 Market Street, who is agent for the proprietor, S. J. Bestor, of Philadelphia, for one of these handsome pocket pieces.

From the Rambler, Philadelphia.

We have received from S. J. Bestor, 18 South Third Street, a specimen of a Pocket Time Table, what is rightly called the Perpetual Revolving Pocket Almanac. It is neatly got up, and about the size of a *Twenty Dollar Gold Piece*. Mr. Bestor is a wholesale dealer in every variety of Fancy Jewelry, Watches, &c., and his Establishment is well worthy of the attention of the public, especially of the Country trade.

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MONUMENTS.
JOHN BAIRD,

AT HIS STEAM MARBLE WOR

SHUTTING DOORS.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door: grandmother feels the cold wintry wind, and, besides, you have got to spend all your life shutting doors, and might as well begin now."

"No forgive, grandmother! I ought to be ashamed to cross you. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that: I imagine Squire Edward C——— will have a good many doors to shut, if ever he makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandmother."

"Sit down a minute, and I will give you a list.

"In the first place, the *door of your* EARS must be closed against bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet with at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward C———'s future prospects.

"The *door of your* EYES, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and, low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man; you will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows, or you will never learn to save your money, or have any left to give away.

"The *door of your* LIPS will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the *eyes* and *ears*. That door is very apt to *blow open*; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling or vulgar words. It will *look like*, sometimes worse than the winter's wind if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least till you have something valuable to say.

"The *inner door of your* HEART must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the door-keeper grows very indifferent if you disregard his call; and sometimes drops asleep at his post, and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the *eyes, ears,* and *lips*, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think.

"This 'shutting doors,' you see, Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your well-doing, in this life and the next, depends."

ASSISTANCE TO THE EYE IN THE PERCEPTION OF COLOR IN PICTURES.—Every one knows that, owing to the peculiar relation that colors have to each other, it is difficult, in arranging a collection of pictures, to prevent them injuring one another; but the fact is not "so generally familiar, that the impression produced by a color upon the eye does not cease immediately the eye is removed from the color."

Mr. Sydney Smirke, A. R. A., has recently addressed a letter to Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P. R. A., directing attention to this circumstance, and suggesting a remedy. "Let any one," says Mr. Smirke, "who wishes to receive a full measure of enjoyment in a picture gallery, hold in his hand a *tablet painted of a neutral tint*, on which to rest his eyes as he passes from one picture to another. Has his eye become inebriated by some florid colorist? A draught of the neutral tint on this tablet will sober it down, and bring it to a full use of its senses. Has he been contemplating a glowing Italian sunset, or 'A Masquerade at Naples?' A glance at his tablet will prepare him for the next picture, perhaps 'A Mist in the Highlands.' By means of his tablet the eye becomes, on each occasion, a *tabula rasa*—a cleansed pallet, prepared to receive a fresh assortment of colors. Its discriminating powers are restored; its bias corrected; and thus each picture will stand on its own merits, unimpaired by the disturbing effects produced by the impression left behind by the subject of the spectator's previous examination. A late eminent medical writer on cookery recommended that a saline or other appropriate draught should be administered to the cook on the eve of a banquet, so that his or her taste might be purified or rendered so sensitive as to secure to each *entree* and condiment the exact flavor that shall best recommend it to the fastidious gastronomer. Very analogous to this would be the operation of the proposed tablet upon the powers of the eye; it would 'purge the visual ray,' and so fit it to discern and appreciate the niceties of the colorist."

In the case of landscapes, where it is desired that the eye should appreciate tints of green, the writer suggests that the reverse of the tablet—a blank page in the catalogue, for example, where there is one—should be colored with a deep, pure, but not bright *red*. Let the eye absorb a dose from this side before it contemplates a landscape, and it will be at once found to have been brought into a right condition for duly appreciating the artist's labor.—*Builder.*

KIRCHER AND THE ATHEIST.—The famous astronomer, Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of the Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which being placed in a corner of the room in which it could not escape his friend's observation, the latter seized the first occasion to ask from whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it *made by any person*, but came here by *mere chance*."

"That," replied his skeptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; you surely jest."

Kircher, however, seriously persisted in his assertion, and took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in *mere chance*; and yet you will contend that those heavenly bodies of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order or design." Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and ultimately, joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

MIRABEAU AND BEAUMARCHAIS.—Le Comte de Mirabeau only subsisted by borrowing; so he came and sought out Beaumarchais, the two men knowing one another merely by reputation. Their conversation was lively, animated, full of *esprit*. At last, Le Comte, in the light way which belongs to borrowers of quality, asked Beaumarchais to lend him the sum of 12,000 francs. Beaumarchais declined, with that original gaiety which distinguished him. "But it would be easy enough for you," said Le Comte, "to lend me this sum." "It would, doubtless," was Beaumarchais's answer; "but, M. Le Comte, as it must come to a quarrel with you when settling day came and no effects were forthcoming, I would as soon that the quarrel came to-day, since I shall gain 12,000 francs by it."

TWO HOMES.

What a beautiful place is a home
Where the husband and wife accord,
Where the children are happy and glad,
And skip about blithesome and free!
What a beautiful place is a home
Where Christian love reigns in its pride,
Where the husband and wife still appear
Like affectionate bridegroom and bride!

What a horrible place is a home
Where the mother and the woman e'er wrangle,
Where the children are brought up 'midst strife,
And taught little else but to jangle!
What a horrible place is a home
Where religion doth never preside,
Where the head scarcely seem to remember
They ever were bridegroom and bride!

SOPHIA.

ANTIMONY.—There are a great many metals of which in common life we know nothing, although some of them minister to our daily wants. One of these metals is antimony; and as we owe a great deal to it, so let us become better acquainted with it. This metal has been known from time immemorial; its early name was stibium; but Basil Valentine, an alchemist and a German monk, having, as tradition relates, thrown some of it to the hogs, observed that after purging them violently they immediately grew fat upon it. Upon this he imagined that by giving his fellow monks a similar dose they also would become fat. The experiment, however, was anything but successful, for most of them died. From that time stibium was named antimony—*anti-monk*. This very paper could not bear this intelligence to you, my dear reader, were it not for antimony, because the type with which it is printed is a mixture of that metal and lead. For many reasons the type-metal now in use is not likely to be superseded; so, as far as we can judge, printing will always be indirectly indebted to antimony; how much then do we owe to this metal! When pure, it is a brilliant, silver-like, hard metal; when melted at a red heat and thrown upon the ground, it divides into globules, each one burning with remarkable scintillations. When antimony is exposed to the air it does not rust, like iron, but retains its brilliance for a considerable time; it cannot, however, be rolled or hammered without falling to powder; hence it is but little used by hardware manufacturers; but when alloyed, that is, mixed with other metals, it forms several useful compounds. Basil Valentine's dangerous experiment led to the use of antimony in medicine, and in this field it has obtained such a reputation, that to the present day it is in some remedies A 1 in the doctor's shop. Antimony wine is a family medicine now-a days, although it has had "something to put up with" on its road to fame. The Parliament of Paris at one time made it illegal to use it internally, and a celebrated physician lost his diploma for administering it; however, in 1637, it was restored to use by public authority, and so it has continued to the present time. The antimony mines are chiefly in Hungary, Transylvania, and Germany; but small portions are also obtained from the silver-lead mines of "Old England."

WINTER IN ICELAND.—The winter sets in rapidly, and lasts ten months. During this long period, the intensity of the cold, the tempestuous state of the weather, and, more than either of these, the shortness of their days, render even the care of their flocks a difficult and often dangerous employment. For the loss of persons in quest of sheep is by no means an unusual occurrence; and on a snow-storm arising, it is absolutely necessary to collect them in hovels built for their shelter near the farm-house. At such times it is impossible to see or hear, for the wind surpasses in violence any idea that can be formed of it; yet it is to this wind that the shepherd must trust as a guide. Marking its direction, he dashes into the storm; the distance to be accomplished is indeed, perhaps, short; but should he swerve from the right way, the least deviation is sure to be fatal; and woe to him should the wind chop in the least while on this employment; such a change will inevitably seal his fate, and he will wander in the dark; till, numbed by the cold, he will fall into a sleep which soon becomes that of death. Instances of such accidents are not unknown even in the immediate neighborhood of Reikiavik. About Christmas, 1834, a young woman imprudently quitted the church alone before the service was over, with the intention of nursing a child that she had left at home. Before she had got out of the town a violent snow-storm was raging, which rendered it impossible to see an inch before her. Maternal solicitude, however, overcame her fears, and she hurried on towards her house, which was not more than a quarter of a mile distant; but she lost her way, and wandered about, till, becoming drowsy, she fell asleep. Upwards of one hundred persons went in quest of her for many successive days, and though the search was repeated several times during the winter, it proved unavailing, till the end of the following March, when a partial thaw discovered her corpse frozen in a sitting posture, within a few yards of her home!—*Dillon.*

CROWS.—Crows have a wonderful instinct of atmospheric changes; and to those country people whose pecuniary circumstances do not enable them to possess one of those useful instruments, termed a barometer, now so common in our country among the middle and higher classes of society, the crow may be found by no means a bad substitute. In the summer season of the year, it is a sure indication of a fine day when it leaves its rookery early in the morning, takes a high flight in the air, and moves with acceleration in a direct line as if it had a long journey to perform. On the other hand, when it rises late, and moves slowly from its roosting place with a slow hesitating flight, and alights on solitary trees, dykes, or palings at no great distance from its domicile, rain may be expected in less than twenty-four hours. When they hold a merry meeting in the air, darting to and fro in every conceivable direction with the rapidity of lightning, each piping to himself in his highest and merriest key, such exhibitions foretell soft equally weather, with occasional showers. In winter, from one to two or more days before a fall of snow, they may be seen congregated in the fields in immense numbers, moving slowly along the surface of the ground, diligently searching as it would appear for food.

SWEDENBORG'S FIRST VISION.—In the preface to one of his mystical treatises (De Cœlo et Inferno) he says: "I was dining very late at my lodgings in London—(this was in seventeen hundred and forty-three)—and was eating heartily. When I was finishing my meal I saw a sort of mist around me, and the floor covered with hideous reptiles. They disappeared: the mist cleared up; and I saw plainly, in the midst of a vivid light, a man sitting in the corner of the room, who said with a terrible voice, Don't eat so much. Darkness again gathered around me—it was dissipated by degrees, and I found myself alone."

☞ John Bright, the famous Quaker statesman, in a recent speech at Manchester, said that, in his opinion, "Hiawatha" was superior to "Maud."

DANDY BROTHER.—Deuced stupid—these newspapers.

SENSIBLE SISTER.—Yes, Charles!—especially when they say that a young man who has no business, has no business in the world.

Wit and Humor.

THE RICH COUNTRY GAL AND THE CITY FELLER.

Mistur eddytor the following sad verses was rit for another nuspaper But as the owner of the paper is a enzin of the unfortunit female mentioned below He dont wont to insert it If you print it you will hear from me agin the verse is literally True:

its all of a Rich country Gal that I know
she plays the According and Melojun also
With cheekes red as roses and Teeth like the snows
she looks like an angel as a Millikin she goes
ri tu ral li lu ral li la.

thar was a Yung feller from the city he cum
he Tried to entice her to leave her sweete home
he gave her a Locket he gave her a Ring
And Black nigger Mellowdys tried for to Sing
ri tu ral li lu ral li la.

On one Sunday Ravenning her father says he
I want you to leve this youth's company
of them counter jumpers I pray you beware
you will find them dessatful I vow & declare
ri tu ral li lu ral li la.

then the Damsel she cried & the damsel she wept
She took to reading novels when she ought to have slept
She left her Melojun and According also
& a little while after she crazy did go
ri tu ral li lu ral li la.

MORRAL

now all you pretty Maidens that a lesson would larn
beware of these Dandys and thare company spurn
if you would not git raven & crazy also
when they cum out to bumbug just tell them to go
ri tu ral li lu ral li la.

STRAWBERRIES.—*An American in London.*—The North American Review tells the following good story:—A countryman of ours, of somewhat rude appearance, walking in the Strand early in May saw his favorite dish of strawberries and cream blushing at him from the counter of a restaurant. Entering, he carelessly called for a bowl, to the marked surprise of several persons present, who knew the extravagance of the luxury, and rightly presumed that the American was ignorant at what cost he was gratifying himself. He had not finished his repast before the curious looks of the company suggested his mistake, and aroused all his latent pride. "What is to pay?" inquired he, as he laid down his dish, not without a glowering side look at the wiseacres who waited for his chopfallen aspect when the victualler's reply should fall upon his ear. "A guinea, sir." Tossing down the coin from a not over full purse, and bridling up with an air of assumed indifference, "I'll take another!" was the American's only rejoinder.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Some accounts represent that St. Patrick was born at midnight on the 8th day of March; and others say it was a little after midnight, and that the 9th is therefore the day that should be celebrated. Few persons, we believe, understand why the Irish celebrate the 17th; and we will not undertake to say that the reason assigned in the lines of the ballad quoted below is the true reason, although the whole story has the appearance of being from the right source:

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick, at midnight, he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes *will* occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the baby, and some blamed the clock—
'Till with all their cross questions, sure no one could know,
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.
At last both the factions so positive grew
That each kept a birth-day, so Pat then had two,
'Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birth-days but a *twins*."
Says he, "Boys don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividing—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birth-day,"—"Amen," says the Clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show
That at least he's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

AN ENIGMATICAL ACCOUNT.—A bill, of which the following is a copy, was lately presented to a reverend gentleman officiating in a rural district, who was indebted to the writer for a wheelbarrow;—

	£	d
Rev. ———, Dr to Wm ———,		
To a wooden barrow and a wood'n do.	4	6
To a wooden barrow and a wood do.	6	6
	£	s
	1	0

As the gentleman had only incurred a debt for one barrow, he was surprised to find himself apparently debited in the bill for four, and his puzzle was rather increased than diminished by the total amount being only equal to a single item. Upon inquiry, however, it turned out that the account was a kind of specimen of rustic phonography, which, translated, meant that the writer had made a wooden barrow which wouldn't do, and a second which did do, and which alone he had charged for.—*Bath Journal.*

SINGULAR FACT.—Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you have doubtless been struck with surprise at the great number of horses just seven years old. A shrewd Scotch jockey, whom I once employed to aid in the selection of a horse, as he examined the animal's mouth, inquired of the seller, "How old is he?" "Seven years." "Ah," said Johnny, "that seven years ago was a tremendous year for colts."

Agricultural.

THE CHINESE YAM.
DIOSCOREA BATATAS.

We have received a communication from Rev. G. E. Goodrich, of Utica, written July last, but which only recently came to our hands, in which Mr. G. reviews, at considerable length, the statements then published in this country, in relation to the *Dioscorea batatas*. Had the paper reached us at the time it was written, we should have published it at length, but with the pressure upon our columns at this season, we are compelled to content ourselves by stating that Mr. G. contends, and shows, as we think, conclusively that the Dioscorea, being a tropical plant, cannot be expected to succeed in the United States, although it may prove useful in the Southern States. We add, however, a letter lately received from Mr. G. from which it will be seen that the latter publications on this subject, have not changed his views as to the adaptation of this plant to the Northern States:

Since transmitting you my article on the Dioscorea, I have seen, to-day, for the first time, two advertisements for the sale of this new plant, one of which is attended with remarks on its natural history and tested culture in Europe and the United States. I have also to-day, for the first time, read the article on this plant, in the Report of the Commissioners of Patents for 1854, p. 165. In this last, it is said to have been imported from Shanghai in China, and to have been cultivated with especial success at Nanking. These cities are in North lat. 32 deg. and 38 deg., which are on the same parallel with Savannah in the State of Georgia. A variety is there said to grow at Hoai-King, which is used for medical purposes. This last place is the interior, in lat. 35 deg., near the great bend of the river Hoang Ho. All these statements go to sustain the doctrine of the review, viz., that the Dioscorea is substantially a tropical plant, and that theoretically therefore, in its adaptation to a Northern climate, it must rank with the melon, sweet potato, tomato, &c., and if so, that it can never be depended on, in a Northern climate, to produce food for the million, however, with wise and expensive culture, it may become a pleasant luxury. The belt of country, in the United States, included between about 38 deg. and 48 deg., is the great region for the true potato—the Solanum tuberosum; yet this whole region nearly, lies North of China Proper, as only an inconsiderable portion of that country extends North of the line 38 deg. The same remark applies to the west of Japan.

My distrust of this new plant, as a substitute for the potato, is, in the preceding article, based purely on considerations of climate. I wrote in ignorance of all the actualities of recent experience in Europe and America. After reading the accounts referred to under date of to-day, I am not disposed to alter my judgment.

Believe me, Messrs. Editors, there is no knack of agriculture, and no curious power of nature to be availed of by cultivators, by means of which large and reliable crops of tropicals can be realized in such a climate as this, with the exception of Indian corn. The potato, as is well known, can hardly be called tropical, being a mountain plant. As you move from the line of 40 deg. South, especially on the sea-board, the prospect brightens, and hence I should not be surprised if South of 38 deg., the new stranger should find a congenial home, whence its annual crop of tubers may be exported to regions farther north, as is now done with the sweet potato.

C. E. GOODRICH.

To the above, we add an extract from a private letter just received from a distinguished naturalist, from which it will be seen that the quality of this newly introduced vegetable is not such as to render its acclimation of very great importance:

"I see there is much said in the papers just now about the *Chinese potato*; and that some editors have the good sense to regard it as another Rohan and Morus Multicaulis speculation. They are undoubtedly right in thus regarding it. A few weeks since, in conversation with Rev. M. S. Culbertson, who has just returned from a ten years' residence in China, I was informed that what is there called the potato is scarcely entitled to such a designation, it being so unlike what we understand by that name. It is an inferior, unpalatable article, which is never ate except by some of the very poorest classes. Foreign residents regard it as a great treat when they can sometimes obtain from the ships that arrive, a few of the potatoes of this country; and these they are now trying to cultivate in their gardens there."—*Country Gentleman.*

EGGS FROM HENS IN WINTER.—A correspondent says that it is easy to have your hens lay all winter, if you feed and house them properly. I have, says he, found that hens fed on boiled oats, with a mixture of scraps of meat, will lay all winter. Twenty hens gave me exactly one hundred eggs in a week, averaging four a piece—not a bad lay at any time of the year. A warm and clean fowl-house, however, is absolutely necessary. It should be whitewashed spring, summer and fall.

Useful Receipts.

CREAM COLORS.—Cream color, No. 1. A soft pleasant tint like that of coffee greatly diluted with milk, is obtained by mixing as follows:—Yellow ochre, five pounds; burnt umber, half a pound; Indian red, quarter of a pound; chrome yellow, No. 1., half a pound, with one hundred pounds of white lead. The key notes in this color are the Indian red and the chrome yellow, and the tone may be brightened or lowered by more or less of either, as individual taste may prefer. No. 2. A still more delicate tint, resembling the pure color of the Caen stone, and well adapted for a large building with many breaks of outline, may be mixed thus:—Yellow ochre, two pounds; Vandyke brown, quarter of a pound; Indian red, quarter of a pound; chrome yellow, No. 1, half a pound to every one hundred pounds of lead.

FRESH ROASTED COFFEE.—Fresh roasted coffee, either in the berry or ground, is a deodorizer. Coffee may be used beneficially to protect game on a journey. Carefully clean your game, wrapping the heads, if bruised, and covering the wounded parts with absorbent paper. Place in box, basket, or hamper, and then sprinkle over some fresh coffee, and pack up. Hares, birds, or other game, may thus be preserved fresh for several days. A teaspoonful of ground coffee will be sufficient for a brace of birds, or even for several brace. Care must be taken to pack so as not to allow the coffee to be lost on the journey. In the larder, charcoal or other deodorizers may be used; but even in such places coffee will answer the purpose.

CHAPPED HANDS.—A correspondent of the Cottage Gardener says, the vinegar from the vinegar plant is an effectual cure for chapped hands. It is momentarily painful, but that is all.

POMATUM.—A common pomatum is thus made: lard, two pounds; beef suet, one pound; essence of lemon, one drachm.

BLACK DYE.—A good black dye for linen and cotton may be made by immersing the cloth in a solution of sulphate of iron (or the iron liquor of commerce) until saturated; hang it to dry, but it must not be wrung; and when dry, take a sufficient quantity of logwood and make a strong decoction; strain it through a sieve, again boil the liquor, immerse the prepared cloth, and keep it boiling for half an hour.

COFFEE MADE CLEAR.—Clear coffee may always be had with little trouble or expense, by thoroughly stirring into the coffee after being roasted and nearly cool, the white of an egg; in the proportion of one egg to a pound of coffee, keep it in a warm, but not hot place, an hour after, to become brittle. Or tie your coffee in a loose flannel bag, leaving plenty of room for it to swell.

HOMELY BUT APT ILLUSTRATION.—A country girl, several of whose sisters had married badly, was herself about to take the noose.

"How dare you get married," asked a cousin of her, "after having before you the unfortunate example of your sisters?"

"A fudge for the example of my sisters," exclaimed the girl, with spirit, "I choose to make a trial myself. Did you ever see a parcel of pigs running to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose, gets it scalded, and then draws back and squeals. The second burns his nose, and stands squealing in the same manner. The third follows, and he squeals, too. But still it makes no difference with those behind; but all in turn thrust in their noses just as if the first hadn't got burnt or squealed at all. So it is with girls in regard to matrimony—and now with this I hope you are satisfied."

"BACHELORS' BUTTONS."—"How do you know he's a bachelor, aunt?" I naturally inquired.—"Common sense, my dear," replied Aunt Deborah, contentiously. "I judge of people by their belongings; no lady could get into that dog-cart without dirtying her dress against the wheel; and if he had a wife, that handsome bay horse would go with another in her carriage instead of *his*.—Besides, he wouldn't be so fond of his pointers if he had anything else to care for; and, above all, Kate," added my aunt, conclusively, "his silk handkerchief wasn't hemmed, and he'd a button wanting in front of his shirt."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters
My 1, 21, 7, 17, 14, is a lake in the Russian Empire.
My 1, 21, 11, 3, 11, 17, 25, 3, is a lake in Italy
My 1, 15, 17, 23, 20, 10, is a lake in the Scandinavian Peninsula.
My 10, 14, 9, 1, 18, 8, is a lake in the Russian Empire.
My 1, 25, 20, 7, 16, 27, is a lake in Switzerland
My 5, 17, 18, 26, is a lake in the Scandinavian Peninsula.
My 10, 2, 4, 12, 7, 23, 15, 20, is a lake in the Russian Empire
My 21, 22, 24, is a lake in Mexico.
My 1, 25, 22, 20, 7, 8, is a lake in Germany
My 17, 20, 19, 5, 6, 24, is a lake in the Russian Empire.
My 16, 2, 17, 17, 22, is a lake in the Scandinavian Peninsula
My 5, 7, 17, 12, 22, 14, is a lake in Italy
My 21, 17, 13, 7, 27, is a lake in the Russian Empire
My whole is a lake in the United States. GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 19, 14, 13, 11, 14, 19, reproved King David for a certain sin
My 19, 11, 18, 3, 12, was never seen in daylight
My 1, 18, 12, 19, 10, 16, 7, 7, 17, was an Indian preacher in 1635
My 1, 18, 11, 21, 24, 22, 24, 13, 3, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 4, 26, 13, 6, 18, 19, was a Nazarite unto God.
My 21, 2, 13, 8, 18, 22, was a mighty hunter before the Lord.
My 3, 9, 21, 24, 22, is a distinguished mountain in Asia.
My 16, 7, 3, 14, 11, 14, 13, was a noted negro chief among the Indians
My 24, 25, 23, 2, was a Queen of England.
My 20, 6, 24, 15, was a son of Enoch.
My 7, 5, 14, 6, 17, was what the Indians use for money.
My whole is the name and home of a statesman.
Lexington, Ind. J. E. F.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 11, 16, 11, 19, 9, 11, 18 a city in Canada.
My 9, 10, 7, 10, 12, was a King of Sicily.
My 2, 5, 2, is a woman mentioned in the Bible.
My 4, 23, 17, 16, was an illustrious Russian Prince, who lived in the 10th century.
My 5, 3, 19, is used by Sebarmen.
My 6, 10, 18, 3, is very abundant in gardens.
My 7, 16, 20, 3, is a lake in North America.
My 8, 14, 1, 19, is the President of a celebrated college in the State of New York.
My 9, 16, 7, 5, 10, is a river in North Carolina.
My 10, 12, 3, is frequented by travellers.
My 11, 21, 10, 11, 5, is a common garden vegetable.
My 12, 3, are the initials of one of the States.
My 13, 16, 3, is a peculiar kind of earth.
My 14, 4, 19, is what the sick are often subject to.
My 15, 11, 15, 3, was a standard English author.
My 16, 2, 11, 3, 7, is a river in Switzerland.
My 17, 16, 13, 5, is a county in Utah.
My 18, 3, 6, 7, 16, is an adverb.
My 19, 3, 12, is a numeral.
My 20, 15, 6, 8, 8, 22, is an illustrious American historian and miscellaneous writer.
My 21, 7, 16, 13, was a notoriously cruel and profligate Emperor of Rome.
My 23, 11, 6, 3, 16, 12, 11, 16, is an officer of state.
My whole was an event of the greatest importance to the destiny of the human race.
Franklin, Conn. HIC ET UBIQUE.

CHARADE.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a creature not briefly defined,
So diverse its nature, so varied its kind,
Though specimens rare you doubtless have seen,
As well of the wild as domestic I ween
For both are in plenty, the savage and tame,
And though the same species, called many a name;
For instance, a bird, though in jest I presume,
Since it has not a pinion, not even a plume.
And yet there's resemblance, as you will remark,
For 'tis often when young reputed a lark.
Still stranger to tell! without fins for the sea,
'Tis often a very odd fish thought to be;
It favors a fish in one respect, really,
Sometimes it appears to be rather scaly
Trust not its names, they belie its true nature;
'Tis oft termed a brute, as oft a dear creature.
In brief, you'll confess, when its nature you ponder,
This thing is a queer paradoxical wonder.
Nought moves upon earth that's more puzzling, perplexing,
Save woman, of all things most charming and vexing.
My second's a product of Africa's clime,
'Tis likewise employed to designate time
My whole issued forth at the world's natal hour,
In the voice of all Love, all Wisdom and Power;
When the fiat of flats "Let there be light,"
Brought order and beauty from chaos and night.
A monarch's decree in accordance with law;
Rescript of a Pope without failing or flaw.
Come, solve me my charade of syllables two,
The answer is plainly apparent to view.
Darby, Del. Co. C. R., *Jr.*

CHARADE.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is used as a drink,
My first and my second's a spice;
My third you have eaten, I think,
When hungry it goes very nice;
My whole—I've no doubt you'll pronounce very good,
An article of food—I want it understood.
GAHMEW.

PROBLEM
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A young gentleman making his addresses in an old lady's family who had five daughters, was told that their father had made a whimsical will. The will imported that the first four of their fortunes, when united, were to amount to $35,000; the four last, $31,000; the three last, with the first, $30,000; the three first, with the last, $29,000; and the two last, with the two first, $32,000. The young gentleman esteeming Miss Charlotte, the third daughter, sought to unravel this strange will. Now what was Miss Charlotte's fortune?
GERARD & HARRY DEVERE.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To determine the sides of a scalene triangle there is given the perpendicular equal to 24 perches; the diameter of the inscribed circle equal to 9 perches; and the diameter of the circumscribing circle equal to 25 perches. Required, the sides?
Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which is the Queen of Roses? Ans.—The rose of a watering-pot, because it rains over all the others.

☞ Why is a young goat asleep like a dangerous member of society? Ans.—Because he is a *kid*-napper.

☞ What celestial body can you transform into a terrestrial one by beheading it? Ans.—A star, which without its first letter becomes "tar."

☞ When is the marriage ceremony decidedly fishy? Ans.—When the bride receives her ring (her-ring.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The retreat of the ten thousand from Persia under Xenophon. MILITARY ENIGMA.—Lapdon Academy and Military Institute Urbana, Frederick County, Maryland. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The raising of Jairus's daughter. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Marie Joseph Rose Tascher Beauharnais. CHARADE.—C. L. O. V. E. R. (Clover.) CHARADE.—Herring. RIDDLE.—Clam. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—23 and 37 added together make 60—to which add 1, 4, 6 and 9, making 80. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—60 and 80 perches.

MATE OR PARAGUAY TEA.—The first knowledge of tea-drinking in Europe was derived not from China, but from South America. More than half a century elapsed after mate had been imbibed before the Chinese infusion was introduced.

☞ CONVERSION OF AN UGLY MAN.—Women are fond of telling us that "They hate handsome men;" but you may be sure that it is only to ugly men they say so.—*Punch.*